

The Centre Reporter.

OLD SERIES XL
NEW SERIES XIX

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887.

47.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

Dr. Christ is glad.

A. T. Miller is glad.

The Watchman's window has new glass.

We think Blaine should have accepted the extended hand of Edmunds.

There is one satisfaction left to Edmunds—he can put his hand into Blaine in 1888.

The double header newspaper reminds us of an ox and a horse hitched together—it looks so odd.

One question that might have entered into the next presidential campaign has been settled,—that Blaine does not belong to the Shakers.

The episode at the Arthur funeral, between Blaine and Edmunds, is likely to split the Republicans into "shakers" and "anti-shakers" for 1888.

The Johnny cake hero of the Gazette feels mad and slighted because court didn't fine him for riot, since he tried his best to have a racket. Be composed Feidler, you'll get to jail yet.

We see now why some chaps are displeased that they can have no stock in this shanty, they are under the belief we have gas on our "claim." What an idea—yet gas is far better than wind; gas stock is above par.

As Virginia is the mother of Presidents, so is Centre co. the mother of governors—think of the Packers, Biglers, Curtins, Irvins, (?), and Beavers, and then how many more of us are looking in the same direction.

Henry Ward Beecher has asked a favor of the President without having it granted. When the Brooklyn Post Office was to be filled Mr. Beecher wrote to the President that he desired the Republican incumbent retained. "This is the only favor I shall ask," he wrote. "Ask anything but that," the President wrote back. Then he made his own appointment.

The Bellefonte Republican serves notice on us that we needn't bore for gas here as the Reporter had generated enough during the campaign. Keyrest, neighbor, but don't you see we had that to give light to the Republicans, now we want some to light and heat the houses.

Some of the Republican managers learned one lesson this fall—that when they bargained with pretended Democrats to break down the Democratic county nominations, that they spent money on parties who had no goods to deliver and that Democratic voters can be sold like sheep in the shambles.

It is stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad co. has now virtually the control of the Catawissa R. R. Co. This is a good paying road. It is claimed that the Penna. will also soon have control of the Philadelphia & Reading Road. The Penna. is such a great gobbler that we shouldn't wonder that on some Thanksgiving or Christmas day it found itself over the fire for a roast.

Fred Kurtz, editor of the Centre Hall Reporter, suggests that gas be bored for at that place. We don't see the use of boring any other hole as long as Fred keeps his mouth open.—Lock Haven Democrat.

That's good, Joe, but this is better: The P. R. R. sees that it is not necessary to build a new freight depot at Lock Haven, it finds your mouth big enough to run right in.

The case of the Michigan veteran who lately refused to accept his pension on the ground that he had recovered from the injuries on which his pension claim was based, has attracted a great deal of attention, and is one without precedent. Fully one-third of the men drawing pensions are not entitled to be on the roll, but they get there by perjury and are known to be able to earn a living as well as any one can be.

The leaders in the disturbance at Bellefonte got off with a light penalty. Some Democrats are displeased because the sentence was not heavier, and as it deserved to be. Among those are some who gave, always gave, Mr. Hoy the cold shoulder when he ran for Judge, and were satisfied to have a Republican elected Judge. These must now also be satisfied with a Republican Judge's doings. They kicked against the election of a Democrat. Some of these were again recognized among those who tried to defeat a Democrat for the important office of prothonotary, and kicked against Schaeffer and other Democrats on the ticket.

This kicking always brings back its tortments.

NOW IT IS EX-GOV. CURTIN.

A Washington letter to the Baltimore American says that the Austrian mission will be filled by the President in a short time is certain. The Government of Austria would not need a Minister here until the United States consents to send one to Austria. Arrangements are being made at the latter Court for the appointment of a United States Minister, and similar arrangements are being made here. The person likely to be appointed is ex-Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania. He has served his country before in the diplomatic service, and as he is about to retire from Congress he has expressed himself as not in the least adverse to accepting either the Austrian or the Turkish mission. It is said that the former has been chosen for the old War Governor. Pennsylvania has not received a diplomatic appointment, and besides, this will serve as a sort of balm for the wound inflicted at the beginning of the last session when Gov. Curtin was deposed from the chairmanship of the Foreign Affairs Committee. Ex-Gov. Curtin has never gotten over this insult from Carlisle and Secretary Bayard, and it is thought this offer is a peace offering.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

The Republican politicians are seeking to check the outflow from their party to that of the Prohibitionist. The stream has been steadily increasing, for some years. In many states the progress of the Prohibition movement has been marked by similar steadiness, and to day is a giant to a pigmy as compared with the Abolition vote two years before Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

The Republicans as politicians have played with the prohibitionists for some years. When they needed temperance votes they pledged their organization to prohibitive measures. As soon as they secured power they broke their pledges to the temperance people and sought to conciliate and hold on to the more important political aid of the liquor interests. Now the Republican politicians are concocting schemes to stop the outflow. A moderate kind of temperance vaccination for Prohibition vagrants will, they hope, save them.

FOR THE REPORTER.

One of our democratic county papers in last week's issue makes an appeal to the democracy of the county to end personal feuds and party difficulties of the past campaign and unite in a solid body to raise the majority in our next campaign to its old time numbers. He denounces men who endeavor to break up the party on account of disappointment or personal spite. How true indeed, but in another column he denounces the sturdy democrats of Pennsylvania for standing by the ticket and upholding the regular nominees. That is the way to do it, strike the ones who remain true and encourage dissenters and in a few more years we can roll up an "old time majority"—for the entire Republican ticket. TRUE-BLUE.

It is reported in Harrisburg on official authority that Superintendent Higbee will be prosecuted immediately, together with the owners and managers of the four syndicate schools for soldier's orphans, and that the papers in the cases, are now being drawn up by Deputy Attorney General Snodgrass in conjunction with the Attorney General, the object being to push the suit so that a trial can take place at the January term of court. It transpires that there was a dispute at last week's meeting of the inspectors between General Wagner and Superintendent Higbee as to the extent to which the specifications call for private toilet accommodations for each pupil, General Wagner claiming that every child should have separate towels, brushes, napkins, etc.

The strongest point made by the St. Louis stockmen against the anti-oleo-margarine act is that the use in its manufacture of the parts of animals heretofore unused has raised the value of live stock, cattle from \$2 to \$4 per head, and hogs from 15 to 25 cents per head. The most active opposition will come from small manufacturers of "bull butter," who find the special tax burdensome. The fact that the President examined the bill very closely before he signed it gives confidence that the law will stand the test of the courts.

There seems to be no dissatisfaction with any proposal for a position in Gen. Beaver's cabinet for Col. Hastings. All agree that he is deserving and would grace any appointment Gov. Beaver may see fit to name him for.

The design for the new two-cent postage stamp which is to be put into circulation about January of next year has been selected. The design represents an embossed head of George Washington in profile upon a blue tinted background.

Statistics compiled by the Steamship companies show that Americans pay over \$7,000,000 annually for passage money to Europe, and that foreign lines take from us every year for freight and passage something like \$150,000,000. What stronger argument could there be for reform of our navigation laws and American lines. We suffer relatively as much from the absence of American ships as we gain by our ownership of railroads. We might as well and should have an equal share of the carrying trade on the high seas but the fact boldly confronts us that we are unable to hold a respectable portion of our own trade. As a great nation we are developing our powers and resources with matchless strides. We are surpassing other countries in the extent and the efficiency of our railroad service which connects every section of the country and is a source of national wealth and progress. The American is able to compete with any of his neighbors in this direction, but when he reaches the seaboard he must stop, and the liberal, broad minded English with their immense carriers enter our ports and bear away the results of our products to other countries. There was a time when our carries were in every port of the known world and instead of depending upon other countries for transportation, we did our own and more. Twenty years ago American ships and American seamen were second to none. Our navigation laws brought great wealth to the country which now enhances the purse of the English. The result of all this is due to the policy and restrictions placed upon American shipping interests by twenty-five years of Republican rule.

One of the most convincing evidences of improved business throughout the country is shown in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency recently presented to the Secretary of the Treasury. It consists on the statistics of deposits and loans of the National banks. The deposits have increased from \$522,000,000 on the first of January, 1886 to \$1,173,000,000 on the first of October while the loans and discounts have arisen from \$500,000,000 to \$1,443,000,000. If the deposits had increased without a corresponding enlargement of the loans and discounts, the fact would indicate a stagnation in business. Such a state of affairs would be likely to grow out of an unwillingness to trust in the stability of affairs. When business men have doubts as to the future they decline to invest and let their money be idle in the bank vaults. When on the other hand there is perfect confidence abroad the loans and discounts keep even with the deposits which indicates that available capital is employed and earning profits.

Of course things are not going to the demitition bow-wow nor is the rebel debt going to be paid under Democratic administration as the cry went.

There is no doubt that Blaine and Logan are really out. The friends of Gen. Logan dislike Blaine more than any other Republican. Gen. Logan did not call on Blaine when he was in New York on the occasion of the Arthur funeral. He had but little time while he was there, but they were in the same hotel and could have easily met. Gen. Logan and his political friends side with Edmunds and his followers.

Mr. Wm. C. Heinle's term as district attorney is about to expire. He has discharged the duties of the office faithfully and made numerous friends by his deportment as a public official, and will retire with the respect of all, bar and people, and deservedly so.

At a meeting of the Bar Association, of Centre county, on Wednesday, Nov. 24, the following resolutions were adopted in behalf of W. C. Heinle, the retiring District Attorney:

WHEREAS, W. C. Heinle, Esq., having served as District Attorney of this county for two successive terms [six years] and having finished his last term on Monday of January, 1887; therefore

Resolved, That the bar of Centre county, recalling the uniform kindness and courtesy shown by Mr. Heinle in the prosecution of the criminal business of the courts, cheerfully bear witness to the ability, integrity, efficiency and firmness with which District Attorney Heinle always discharged the complicated duties of his office.

After which a number of short addresses were made by leading members of the bar, in which they highly complimented the retiring officer for the able and efficient manner in which he performed the duties of the office.

BLIND TOM.

Old Charity-Wiggins, the mother of the wonderful pianist, "Blind Tom," whom a sheriff's jury determined was not competent to protect his property or take care of himself appeared in Supreme court at New York, and presented the findings of the Sheriff's jury to the Court and asked that she be appointed guardian of her son's person.

EXPRESS COMPANIES LIABLE.

That a common carrier has no right to limit its liability is the pith of an opinion delivered this morning by Justice Green, of the Supreme court. There was an action to recover the value of a \$300 diamond pin lost while in the hands of the Adams Express co. in transit between Pittsburg and Springfield, Mass. The express co. claimed that as the shippers had placed no special value on the article they had no right to recover in excess of \$50, the amount mentioned in company's general contract with shippers. After discussing the various questions of law involved, the court goes on to say:

"The express company in the present case failed to account for the non-delivery of the article, and hence a presumption of negligence arises, which they should have rebutted in order to escape liability. The lower court erred in affirming that the defendant could limit its responsibility by the receipt given the plaintiff when the goods were shipped. This was done in obedience to a decision of the United States Supreme court, in the case of Hart vs. the Pennsylvania railroad. An examination of that case shows that such is the law as declared by that court, and if the decision were of binding authority upon us we would be obliged to follow it. But our own decisions for a long time have established the opposite doctrine, until it has become firmly fixed in our system of jurisprudence.

The result of the last recount in New Jersey gives the Democrats forty-one representatives in the Legislature against thirty-eight Republicans. There is one Assembly district unsettled.

From an article in the Independent of last week by Charles Dudley Warner, now traveling in the South, we take the following: Still to me one of the chief reasons for thanksgiving in the year 1886 is that it is a Southern as well as a Northern holiday. There will go up all over this broad South fervent thanksgiving that in the fall of slavery we have a united country. I do not suppose that public thanks will be given for the War or any contrition expressed at the share the South had in it; but I do know that in no part of the Union are the people, as a mass, more loyal; nowhere have they greater anticipations of our destiny as one people; and I do know that all thoughtful people South unite with all thoughtful people North in rejoicing that the frightful specters of disunion and slavery have been removed from our path. It is not only that industry and thrift have sprung up all over the South, but that a virile manhood responds to the call of our national future. Great problems of labor and education are yet to be worked out; time is required to marshal the new forces; no one can by his own wisdom lay out a plan that shall meet all the difficulties; but I am astonished, in all the cities I have visited, at the educational life and the advance in the education of both races. When I compare it with the educational experiences of Colonial New England in regard to its quality and quantity, I see how much more responsive is intellectual life in these days than in pre-revolutionary times. Considering all the past, it is simply a marvel what the Southern States have accomplished, unaided, in the matter of education since the reconstruction."

DEMOCRATIC EDITORS

Give the President a Word of Advice for the Future. The Globe prints letters from some of the best known editors of the country, in answer to the query: "What should President Cleveland do during the next two years in order that Democratic success may be assured in 1888?"

Col. Alexander McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, writes: "If Cleveland keeps straight along he will be his own success." Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, antagonizes the above with the following: "He should, in most respects, do differently from what he has done during the last two years."

Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, says: "He should steadfastly live up to the principles enumerated in his letter accepting the nomination for the presidency, and in his letter of Dec. 25, 1884, to George William Curtis."

F. W. Dawson of the Charleston News and Courier, writes: "Let him go on to the end in the way he has been going from the beginning."

M. M. Gillam of the Philadelphia Record, says: "That he should fill the offices with wide-awake representative Democrats as speedily as possible, and liberally interpret civil service rules, and allow the men so appointed to work for the party."

Melville E. Stone of the Chicago News, says: "He should be able to go before the country with confidence upon his record. If, however, it be true that the majority of the American people do not approve of his policy, do not regard a public office as a public trust, rather than a partisan reward, if it be true that the general sentiment of the country may be arrayed against an honest, faithful and intelligent administration of the presidential office, then the attention of thoughtful minds may be well turned to a weightier question than the welfare of the president or his party."

Stillson Hutchins writes that Cleveland has strengthened his party outside its natural lines. He should now consolidate and enter-

gize it. He has no doubt of Democratic success in 1888 with or without Cleveland, but thinks it would be just like Cleveland to positively decline a re-nomination.

Editor Abell, of the Baltimore Sun, commends Cleveland for keeping his pledges and chides the party for love of spoils.

Editor Pulitzer, of the New York World, wants Cleveland to smash the rings more, help the working people more, try to influence legislation more and admire the Mugwumps less.

Death of Erastus Brooks. New York, Nov. 29.—Hon. Erastus Brooks, a well known journalist, politician and philanthropist, died at his home at West New Brighton, S. L., Thursday morning, and was buried Saturday in the Moravian cemetery.



ERASTUS BROOKS.

at New Dorp, S. L. Mr. Brooks was one of the oldest and best known journalists of the metropolis in the last decade, and was noted for his philanthropic works and devotion to all measures pertaining to the advancement of human happiness.

The New Party Movement. DAYTON, O., Nov. 23.—The Ohio Trades and Labor assembly have adopted a resolution, by a vote of forty-four to one, as follows: Whereas, A call has been made by the executive committee of the Central Labor union, of New York city, to organize a new national party; and

Whereas, A meeting will be held of all new political forces at Cincinnati on Feb. 22, 1887, to call into being the new party; therefore Resolved, That it is the sense of this assembly that the time has arrived when organized labor should take independent political action; and

Resolved, That we recommend to our respective organizations that they be represented in the convention, and that they take part in the formation of the new party.

Everything Closed. INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 29.—One hundred men in the employ of the Liquor league, patrolled the city yesterday in search of violators of the Sunday law, but beyond the names of a few bartenders and the street car drivers, no names were taken. The drug stores, barber shops, tobacco houses and confectioneries were all closed, and it was impossible to purchase a cigar any place except at the hotels. The saloons were all closed under orders from the league. The latter is attempting to make the law odious by compelling all business houses to close. The street car drivers and butchers whose names were taken will be prosecuted.

Knights of Pythias Loses. HARTFORD, Nov. 29.—James L. Remington, past chancellor and master of the exchequer of Washington lodge, Knights of Pythias, here, has gone to Canada, after drawing from the bank nearly all the lodge funds in his hands, amounting to about \$1,700. His wife has also disappeared, and it is ascertained that his household goods were shipped on the cars last week to a Montreal address. He was a contractor at Colt's armory until recently, and, having lost his contract, went to work as a machinist. He leaves a small balance in cash in the three banks in which the lodge funds were deposited.

The Co-Operative Plan. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—Louis Jones, of Bristol, Pa., has had so much trouble with the employees of his hosiery mill that he has finally requested them to take the property off his hands and run it themselves. He offered to sell it to them for \$50,000. The Knights of Labor here want to accept the offer and run the mill on the co-operative plan. They have asked the advice of the general co-operative board of the order. The mill has employed from 300 to 350 hands.

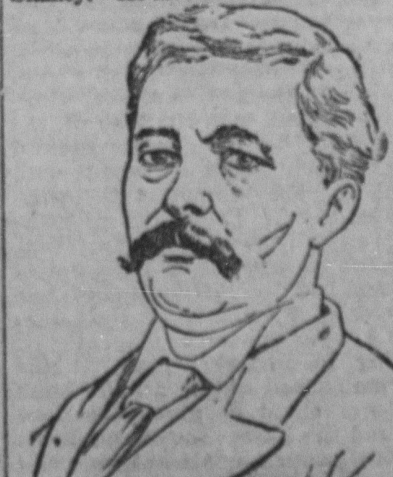
The Vote in Massachusetts. BOSTON, Nov. 25.—The governor and council completed their canvass of the votes cast at the recent state election, and announced the result of the total vote of the state as 248,769. The plurality for Ames, Rep., for governor is 9,463; Brackett, Rep., for lieutenant governor, 4,978. Attorney General Sherman leads the Republican state ticket, with 124,200 votes, or about 12,700 plurality over the Democratic candidate.

Trades and Labor Unions. NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The Federation of Trades and Labor unions will hold its annual session at Columbus, O., on Dec. 7, instead of at St. Louis.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

The Famous African Explorer Greeted in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—One of the most widely known newspaper reporters who has achieved an international fame second to no man of the present generation, is Henry M. Stanley. He arrived in New York Saturday



HENRY M. STANLEY.

and was given a cordial re-

ception in the evening by the Lotus club. He will visit different cities in this country and deliver lectures upon his travels and adventures. At the reception Chauncey M. Depew gave rein to his witty tongue. He said the older the newspaper reporter the blacker became his hair and the more youthful his face. "They grow younger, while I find myself with a polished scalp and unblemished side whiskers. If brandy and soda is the cause of it I shall try the drink myself. There have been great explorers, but Stanley is the first to mingle frontier romance with history and solid achievement. I welcome Stanley." He has shown what a reporter can do. We all know that they are the last to leave battlefields and scenes of pestilence and the first to give us the news. Stanley's career typifies the great principle in this country that creates greatness out of nothing. (Prolonged applause.)

WADE HAMPTON INJURED.

His Horse, Killed at a Deer Hunt, Falls on the Aged Senator.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 24.—Senator Wade Hampton and a party of friends started out deer hunting, with hounds and horses, early Monday morning on his plantation. They rode into a deep and tangled wood, where during the day the party became separated, and the aged senator found himself riding alone, and soon lost his way. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as he was riding through a wood where brilliant colored vines trailed from the trees a Snapple Jack vine caught his gun. The piece was discharged and a load of heavy buckshot entered the head of his fine thoroughbred horse. The animal staggered and fell dead. Senator Hampton, not having time to get out of the saddle, fell under his horse and was pinioned to the earth. He was severely hurt and his leg was badly maimed. He was miles from any habitation, in a wilderness, and imprisoned under a dead horse.

The party of deer hunters returned to Senator Hampton's house on the plantation at 8 o'clock in the evening, expecting to find him there. It grew late, and as he did not return, his friends became anxious and alarmed, and started out with hounds and negroes to look for him. Senator Hampton, maimed and weak, struggled to extricate himself. After several hours of strenuous and painful effort he got loose from the weight that had imprisoned him. He found himself lame and able to use only one foot. He got a stick and hobbled on one leg, weak and almost exhausted, for five hours through the dense wood toward his home.

The rescue party found him a short distance from his house, limping slowly toward it. Senator Wade Hampton has been unfortunate with horses. He was shot at Bull Run and sabred at Gettysburg; and after the war was over he was kicked by a post-bellum male with such severity that he had to have his leg amputated; now a horse has fallen on him and crushed his other leg.

HOXIE DEAD.

Broken Down by the Severe Strain During the Late Strike.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Mr. H. M. Hoxie, first vice-president of the Missouri Pacific railway, who has been ill for some time, died in this city early this morning. His name



HERBERT M. HOXIE.

was brought very prominently before the public during the great labor strike on the Gould system of railroads. He displayed unwavering firmness in his dealings with the men, and was given full discretion in the matter by Mr. Gould. His great labors during the strike broke him down, and he has been an invalid ever since. He suffered from gall stones and underwent an operation on this account a few months ago.

A Woman Almost Roasted Alive.

PETERSBURG, Va., Nov. 29.—A tragic affair occurred late Saturday night in this city, resulting in the fatal burning of Susan Sprigock, aged 60 years. She and Mary Sprigg, aged 20, occupied the same house. Before retiring the women quarreled over some trifling matter, when the younger woman threw a lighted kerosene lamp at the elder, striking her in the face. The lamp exploded, and Susan Sprigock was almost roasted alive. Mary Sprigg was arrested, and denies having thrown the lamp.

He Destroyed the Powder.

GALVESTON, Nov. 29.—J. C. Lynch, a salesman in the employ of the Hazard Powder company, of New York, went out to the Brown magazine to see that 200 pounds of damaged powder was destroyed. He set fire to some powder which exploded before he could reach a safe distance, throwing him high into the air and killing him instantly.

Another Slight Shake.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 29.—At fifteen minutes after 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon a slight shock of earthquake was felt throughout Columbia, shaking loose window sashes, crockery, etc. The tremor lasted about six seconds, and was accompanied by slight detonations.

A Receptacle for Soiled Linen.

A small barrel is a capital receptacle for soiled linen instead of a hamper. Have it well cleaned and lined with chintz; the outside should be either painted or covered with Turkey red. The lid must be covered or painted to correspond.—Chicago News.

The female lace makers of Saxony are wretchedly underpaid, the best of them not being able to make more than about sixty cents a week.

Works of art, however grand, sink into insignificance when compared with woman, that wonder of creation.—William Scott.

Bereaved.

Do you know that my smiles are sadder
Than a rain of heart-broken tears?
Do you know that my gay, bright greetings
Bear
The post-up sorrow of years?
You have laid on my heart the heavy
stone
That closes youth's sepulcher,
Yet I press your hand, and we lightly talk
Of the beautiful days that were.
You have stabbed my soul yet I meet your
eyes
With eyes that are meek and still.
How I long to caress and—would you,
dear,
With the selfsame passionate thrill
Oh, changed and lost! If I wept beside
Your grave, with deep grasses grown,
You could not be further away from me,
And—I could not be more alone!

A MATRIMONIAL SCHEMER.

It is a curious circumstance, that while the waiting-room at your dentist's is sure to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction before a trying interview is never similarly recognized by your solicitor, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer office, where every sign of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at least in a wretched little ante-room of unmitigated dullness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast, "I suppose it is because lawyers do not often have ladies to visit them, and never children. Do you think Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest to her.

"I can't say Miss, but I shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about, and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact, Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently, when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her, and looked straight and composedly into his face.

She knew him by sight well enough; the small, untidy-dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under lip, had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond these—to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins, however, was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most inscrutable of men, and with a view to sustaining this character had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At this moment he was the busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and taking her cue from him, straightened herself, and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason, of Morley Square, Bayswater," she stated, "and wish to ask you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of payment, in the event of its being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins, cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value; but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her by a grave bow to proceed.

"It won't take many words," she said, "for I've written it all down clearly, so as not to make a mess of it in the telling."

At this, Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illumined his countenance.

"My dear young lady what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have! Admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a notebook, and proceeded to set forth, with details into which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of £50,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality, by a certain Mr. Hugh Lorrain, of Queen's Gate, to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He is afraid of heavy law expenses, and would rather give everything up at once. That is why I have come to you. There are ever so many of us, and we want the money dreadfully. Why should we surrender it without a struggle to this mean man who has not a shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly; her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus Wiggins quite forgot his own pecuniary interests.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry. "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil in dismay. "Won't what I've told you, do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh, Mr. Wiggins! couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double, I mean, if he wins, and nothing at all if he loses."

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshing ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said, "arrangements of some such nature have been come to before now, but in this case your father may set his mind at rest; the costs would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit here."

Sybil finished pulling up the waists of her gloves, and then looked at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Morley Square, when you always took the side

of us children against our enemy the gardener."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with fresh interest; "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and send the little stones all over the grass?"

"Yes," replied Sybil; "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the rope and counted for us."

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"Ah, I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil, laughing, "and that, in a large family, is an ageing circumstance. Good-bye, Mr. Wiggins. I am sure I don't know how to thank you."

"Now that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office.

As he passed outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son!" he exclaimed, and then he stopped, put his cane to his nose and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Morley Square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy Bertie, who was at Eton. He must be six or seven now."

Who was the king who planned a match to save off the Thirty Years' War? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a lawsuit in the bud? James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't and won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of all those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he piqued himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as wily as Ulysses, as patient as—Penelope."

The next day Dr. Eason, a nervous man, with a thin, fair face and deprecating manner, called and gave him not only all the information in his possession, but full instruction to act for him. The more doubtful he became as to his client's chance of winning it, and the more closely he hugged the notion of bringing about a match between Bertie Lorrain and Sybil.

As a first move he found out that the young man was at present in an architect's office in Bloomsbury, and, important detail, usually lunched at a certain restaurant in the neighborhood. Thither at lunch time the very next day old Wiggins betook himself, and then glancing around, he perceived his young friend at a table close at hand, and immediately possessed himself of the seat opposite to him.

"Well, Bertie Lorrain, it's a long while since I tumbled across you," he observed, feigning what he considered just the right amount, and no more, of surprise.

"Mr. Wiggins, as I live!" he returned, shaking hands cordially; "and looking not a day older."

"Can't say the same of you, my boy. You have grown into the man about town, since I last saw you. What are you doing?"

"Oh, grinding in an architect's office near here."

"Married, engaged, or going to be?" said Wiggins.

"No."

"Bravo! that sounds sensible. No woman worth having, eh?"

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I get some cash," he said.

"Pooh! Cash like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good, here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done, they'll bring it to you a little less raw than usual; if you want it cooked, you must say done to a cinder. Now tell me more about yourself."

At the end of an amicable conversation, the two parted with mutual friendliness, Lorrain promising to dine with the solicitor the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of this dinner-party, which must be planned from beginning to end with a view to arousing the interest of the young people in one another. When Thursday came his two servants were dowered at his business. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference, but on this occasion not only must he inspect the menu and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangement of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put so, the chess-table so, this little armchair here, that screen there, and so on all around the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; he's going a-courting of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his button-hole, and a pair of "pansies" on his nose.

Lorrain was the first to arrive, admirably dressed, and with the dash of the patrician about his open, self-possessed bearing, which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Sybil. The solicitor contrived very casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Morley Square?" the young man asked quickly; but before any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimp," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her; and as she

stepped in now, with soft folds of Indian muslin falling about her lissome figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she made a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding lodgment for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she was unbuttoned, reflecting that she might have caught the name wrong, or he might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he asked her whether she lived in Morley Square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Queen's Gate?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft reference on Wiggins' part to what he had found out to be Bertie's hobby—namely, mountaineering in the Alps. Lorrain was easily prevailed on to hold forth on this subject, and Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she hated him.

After dinner Wiggins put forth all his power as a strategist, and made surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide safely for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, of sending you the book we have been talking about," Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very subject to go to the girl's face, and he "Thank you very much; good night," was given in a low, slightly constrained voice.

During the next few weeks, the young man, really thoroughly in love, went ahead like a steam-engine helped by the puny pushes of a child, who imagines it is doing all the work—Wiggins, it need not be said, being the child.

Sybil was bewildered by the frequency with which she met the son of her father's opponent, but Mr. Lorrain always looked so very surprised to see her, that she could not for a moment suspect him of complicity.

All this time though both knew a lawsuit was pending between their parents, the question was never broached between them. Sybil had a reputation for plucking her tongue into any subject rather than maintain a constrained silence upon it, but on this matter a new shyness kept her silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim, and had so far signally failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

At last the day was fixed for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins' office, looking the picture of despair.

"Kindly remember that I am solicitor for the other side, and avoid that subject," said the lawyer severely.

"Oh, hang it!" said Lorrain, "I'm not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin, and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologize humbly for ever having made it."

"That statement, made to me by your father through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is mere waste of words."

"Wiggins, don't get on the stilts," said Lorrain impatiently. "You ought to see what a fix I'm in."

"You are taking up my time, sir," remarked Wiggins significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you understand that I'm dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and that whichever way the case is settled I'm done for? If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money? Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins, shortly.

"To her, do you mean? Now? My word, if I dared? Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word.

Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh, Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow you are! Easy, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question Mr. Lorrain is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave my office."

Lorrain walked out very soberly and hailed a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself, as he directed the cabman to Morley Square.

Once more luck favored him; Sybil was sauntering round the square alone. Bertie joined her, and presently—she hardly knew how—she found herself sitting on a bench with him standing in front of her.

He was quite simple and direct.

"Sybil," he said, "your father and mine are fighting this case, and next week it will be decided; if for us, you will hate me; if for you, I can't play the part of a fortune-hunter. So let me say now that all I want in this world is you for a wife, and tell me, Sybil—will you give me what I want?"

Sybil was equally simple, but had not so much to say.

"I don't know whether I know you well enough," she faltered, glancing up at him and down again, "but I think—I think I do."

And therewith she glanced up again with a happy smile and told herself of course she did. Was he not everything a man should be?

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins's word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing, but old Hugh Lorrain was furious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him, and in the end the old man acted partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultations, a division of the money was effected which, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legatee, settled a large sum on the young people.

Wiggins was not so jubilant as might have been expected. True, his great scheme had succeeded admirably, and his reputation for diplomacy was recognized all round; but, on the other hand, he had become deeply interested in the

case itself, and so convinced of his ability to establish Dr. Eason's claim, that the compromise patched up at the last minute seemed to snatch a second, even sweeter cup of triumph from his lips.

It was not until the wedding-day arrived that his self-satisfaction regained undivided supremacy. On that occasion his calm consciousness of sagacity, benevolence, and power over his fellow-men made his manner grand. Everybody credited him with having been the manager of this affair, and for once in his life he had his fill of deference and respect.

Privately Lorrain whispered to Sybil, with the basest ingratitude, "You know, all old Wiggins really had to do with it was the original introduction. After that I didn't need any egg on; love would have found the way anyhow."

"But I shall never forget that Mr. Wiggins thought of it and smoothed it," said Sybil warmly. "I'm going to be grateful to him all my life."

How the Sultan of Morocco Honors His Guests.

Dining with the Sultan of Morocco is more of an honor than a pleasure according to the account of a recent visitor connected with the French Embassy. The Sultan is even more of a spiritual than a temporal monarch, a sort of crowned saint ex officio and therefore it is beneath his sacred dignity to dine in person with his guests, and he deputed a representative from his suite. The palace, also, is too sacred a shrine to be the scene of such festivity, and the dinner is usually served in the garden of the summer palace, outside the town of Fez. When the narrator dined in this second hand way with his sacred majesty the weather was hot, and the dinner was served in a town palace garden, beneath orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, where the buttercups, corn flowers and daisies grew so tall they mingled with the boughs, and the guests had hard work to fight their way on horseback to the table or rather tray.

A drum major, like a steward with a baton leading the procession of slaves bearing the food on trays of wood with deep borders and conical covers of straw. The removal of these covers disclosed a frightful spectacle of carcasses of sheep and chickens, prepared with honey, sugar, syrup and fruits and all imaginable and unimaginable horrors possible to cookery. The only dishes which a European could eat was one of mutton (which was terrible greasy) and the consousson. The slave who held this awkwardly spilled it into his sleeves and bosom and then conscientiously turned it out on the plate again. This upset the European stomachs and desire to indulge in it, though they found that the slave knew etiquette. The proper way to eat consoussons is to take a quantity in the palm of the hand, eat it as best you may and return the remainder for the whole will never cut the Dan—into the common dish, lest the other guests should be deprived of even a crumb of the choice delicacy.

Daniel Webster's Brother.

Though overshadowed by his more eminent brother, Ezekiel Webster was still a very remarkable man. When a youth, preparing for college, he had learned all the essentials of Latin grammar in the time devoted by ordinary students to the declension of substantives, and in two terms had read a portion of the four Gospels in Greek, and in Latin the Fables of Æsop, Euripides' History, and the Æneid, often taking three or four hundred lines of the latter at a lesson. As a lawyer he possessed high abilities, and, though he refrained from public speaking till Daniel—the brother—the State, he became an orator of marked power, the court room being always crowded when he was to make a plea. He was nearly six feet in height, with clear-cut features, a princely head, a magnificent figure, and a commanding presence—"the very finest human form," declared Daniel only six years before his own death, "that ever I laid eyes on." He now sleeps in the graveyard in the lower end of the town of Boscawen, N. H. His death which occurred at the age of 49, was sudden and remarkable. He was addressing the court at Concord in a brilliant argument, holding the closest attention of the crowded assembly by his clear utterance, his vigor and earnestness, his convincing logic, his well-rounded periods, and the striking dignity of his presence. He had closed one division of his argument, even to the last word forming the cadence perfectly in a distinct voice, with eye clear and bright, and figure erect and seemingly full of life and energy; then, without a moan or a gasp, the movement of a muscle or the quiver of an eyelid, he fell back upon the floor—dead.

Women—Men.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A Comedy of the Customs.

A new use for cattle has been apparently found in Prussia, where a band of "smagglers" employed a cow in their attempts to avoid the tax on lace. A strong ten-months old cow was wrapped round with a quantity of lace valued at a thousand dollars. Over this was fitted a false skin so ingeniously constructed as to defy detection. They passed the cow quite easily at the customs office, the men there admiring her size and beauty, some of the excise officers even offering to feed her.

THE GAME OF "INDIAN."

A New and Popular Sport with the Young People of St. Joseph, Mo.

As the moon rose over the Eastern hills and flooded the valley with its soft, silvery light, a reporter left Dunford's lake house with the results of an afternoon's shooting—one duck and a brace of mud-hens. Perhaps a mile had been traversed when the mind wandered to his ear a faint shout. Again and again came the sound growing more and more distinct. Soon the ringing of horses' hoofs was heard approaching, and when the riders came into view a yell like that of a Comanche Indian rang out on the affrighted air. A horse bearing a lady dashed wildly by, followed closely by another steed, on which was seated a man.

Both horses swept along like the wind, the animals straining every nerve. From time to time the horsemen let out one of his frightful yells, which seemed to increase, if possible, the speed of the gallant chargers. Finally the sound died away in the distance, and the reporter drove wondering on.

About half a mile down the road was stationed a party of young ladies and gentlemen, residents of this city. All of them were superbly mounted and seemed to be waiting, like Micawber, "for something to turn up." A convenient tree near the party cast a shadow on the roadway, enabling the reporter to stop unperceived, or at least the party paid no attention to his being so near.

The following fragmentary conversation was overheard:

"I do hope she will win," said one young lady.

"It's just like her, though," said another, "to lose on purpose."

"By Jove," said one of the cavaliers, "I wish I was the 'Indian.'"

"It's almost time for them to return," said another.

"Here they come now!" and in the distance was heard the same shout before described. In a few moments there could be seen in the moonlight two horses rapidly approaching. A lady's flowing habit denoted the leader, but scarcely a length behind came the man. About 100 feet ahead of where the waiting party stood the lady was overhauled and the gentleman reached down and grabbed the rein of the lady's horse.

From the assembled party went up the cry of "Caught! caught! Pay the forfeit!" and "Good boy, 'Indian!'" Then to the horror of the modest reporter the victorious horseman leaned over the pommel of my lady's saddle and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. This was greeted by clapping of hands and shouts of approval from the assembled party. Then another lady and gentleman left their position and drew out into the road. The lady cantered about 100 feet away, then some one shouted "Go," and off they went.

All of the foregoing may seem but a "fairy tale." Consequently an explanation is made necessary. In a nutshell the facts are these: Several young ladies and gentlemen of St. Joseph have originated a new amusement. It consists of this: A party of eight or ten ride out to the lake road. Two goals are decided upon and the game of "Indian," as they call it, is engaged in. The rules are that the gentleman is handicapped by the lady, she being given 100 feet the start. The distance is one-half mile. Then the race is made. If the gentleman catches her rein before she crosses the "wire" he, as a forfeit, is entitled to a kiss. Failing to do so, the gentleman is obliged to buy the lady a box of gloves.

As the ladies ride their own horses and their speed is known to the "Indians," the girls get decidedly the worst of it, for the boys scour the city and get runners they know can win.

The game of "Indian" is a noble amusement.

Spectacle of the Midnight Sun.

My deepest impressions from witnessing the sublime spectacle of the midnight sun were received at a point nearer the Arctic circle. It was one of those hushed evenings which occur with a falling barometer so still that the glassy surface of the undulating sea was unruffled even by the breath of a zephyr. Southward, above a wall of cloud, majestic mountains reared their snowy peaks. Far in the west floated a fleet of fishing raft, and long lines of water fowl were winging their way to rocky resting places. Above the sun, which from my stand near the compass I watched swinging northward, lay several parallel strata of fleecy clouds. The water horizon rolled up higher and higher, until, like a great golden globe, the sun rested upon its rim. The lower cloud stratum became orange-tinted. The next was dyed with saffron shades, while the rosy reflection of the upper stratum painted with delicate pink the Kjoien cliffs in the south. For several moments the motion of the earth seemed checked, the sun still resting on the ocean's rim, and then—most startling vision!—a line of light appeared below the fiery orb—the horizon is retrograding. By thus forcing the mind to regard the sun as stationary in his true position, and centering the attention on our own planetary motion, an effect is produced far more amazing than that experienced by the startled Hezekiah when the shadow retreated on the great dial of Ahaz.

The "Devil's Leaf" of Java.

At Timor, near the island of Java, there is a plant called the devil's leaf, whose petals, being of a thorny nature, possess a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. I once met a gentleman in Honolulu who had been stung by this plant and barely escaped death, and who had a great raw sore—like that sometimes made by the stingray of southern Pacific waters—on his left arm. He alluded to it facetiously as his strawberry mark, and said he thought he should pose as the long lost brother—a term often thrown at us with other "chestnuts" from the minstrel stage.

Milk is good for chicks even in the hot weather of August.

But do not set enough out at once to last two or three days.

THE SENSITIVE SERVANT.

A Picture Which Most Housewives Will Recognize.

I have had servants of all kinds. Honest, dishonest, sober, tipsy, good-natured, ill-tempered, Irish, German, black, white, polite, impudent, industrious, lazy, old, young, and red-headed. Some commenced well and ended badly; others commenced badly and grew better as they went along. But each and every one knew how to run the place better than I did, until I began to regard them as the real heads of the house, and generally kept on my guard lest I should offend them. The humors of these creatures are amusing.

I had one girl who put watermelon and butter on a dry, dusty shelf, and a ball of cord on the ice in the refrigerator.

When she was leaving the dining room with the china, she invariably piled more dishes on her arm than she could safely carry, and on her way out would set a few down on the lounge or mantelpiece until she returned.

On one occasion she brought a watermelon in her arm and walked over to the pantry, the door of which was open, and, stooping, placed the melon on a dish about a foot back. Then she picked up the dish and brought the whole business out.

Another girl was very fond of the setter pup, and undertook to raise it. When the pup was half the size of a calf she would carry him up and down stairs in her arms, and when her work was done at night she would sit in the kitchen, in a rocking-chair, take the dog on her lap and sing lullabies to him until he fell asleep.

The dog's bed consisted of a soap box, with a piece of octagonal grating placed over it, and held down by a flation to keep the dog in. But the dog used to squeeze through any of the octagonal apertures. The girl could learn how to keep him in. If could only squeeze through when empty, so she always kept him so full that he looked like a balloon and was as hard as a rock. But suddenly the girl took a dislike to the pup and would have nothing more to do with him. One night she didn't feed him enough, and he wriggled out and devoured her shoes.

She was a very sensitive girl. If you told her she did anything wrong she would tell you she always did it that way, and you would have to apologize and tell her she was right, for fear she would become baffled and leave.

If you wanted your steak broiled and she saw fit to fry it, you would get it fried. She usually cooked the eggs hard and served the fish and chickens rare. She was an awful cook and cost me, on an average, a couple of dollars a week for indigestion medicine.

The dog would take nothing from her hand. He would turn away and go next door and work the garbage barrel. We could leave him in the kitchen with turkey or beef in the oven and the dog would never touch it.

The only way he could be induced to eat what she cooked was to let him see her touch it. So kept him tied just outside the window, beside which I sat at table.

When the cook brought in anything that I couldn't eat I poured it down the register into the cellar furnace if it was a liquid and threw it out to the dog if it was meat.

Frequently the girl came in, smiled with delight to see the platter almost empty,

FARM NOTES.

SAVING VEGETABLE SEEDS.—If there are many varieties of the same vegetable in a garden, it is impossible to save the seeds of some in an unmixed state. Sweet corn and all of the squash family, are quite sure to "mix." On the other hand, peas and beans rarely cross. If one saves seeds of any vegetables, let it be of the best. Instead of leaving the last peas on the vines for seed, set apart a portion of a row for seed, and let none be picked from it. By proper care, the quality of a vegetable may be improved. In saving lima beans, we have for several years selected only those with four beans in the pod; as a consequence, the greater number of pods in the whole crop now have four beans. The selection of the first ripened and best formed tomatoes for seed will have a marked effect upon future crops, and this is the case with all other vegetables. If one has a choice melon he would preserve in its purity, the surest method is to fertilize a few female flowers. Take a male flower of the same kind that is shedding its pollen, remove the corolla, to expose the stamens. Select a female flower that is just ready to open, but has not been visited by insects; open it and apply the stamens to the pistil of that flower. Cover the flower thus operated upon by a bit of muslin until the fruit begins to grow.

REMEDY FOR POTATO BUGS.—One exchange tells of a farmer who has tried a new remedy for potato bugs with success. He procured a number of boards and placed them here and there among his potatoes, and on the boards were placed raw potatoes sliced. At noon on the first day of the experiment he and his hired men found every piece of potato covered with bugs. The men killed this crop and at night another crop was killed, though not so large; and in a week's time not a bug could be seen, and his trouble with bugs after this was comparatively small. In the spring, he says is the best time to attend to bugs, as a spring bug, he understands, breeds from 300 to 500 during the potato season. He thinks it would be a good plan to dip the pieces of potato in Paris green, as it would save the work of killing them.

KEEP THE STABLE CLEAR OF FLIES.—One of the greatest hindrances to thrift during hot weather is the annoyance caused by flies. This is true both in field and stable. In the former we cannot, in any considerable degree, control them, but in the latter we can. The better class of stables should be provided with screens. By this mode, fumigation being practiced to drive the flies out, the stock may be quite well protected. The placing of small vessels of chloride of lime about the ceiling will sometimes answer the purpose of keeping them out of the building. If a decoction of *lycopodium* (sometimes called wolf's-claw), which is the largest of the European mosses, be placed in a bladder, the neck being supplied with a quill pipe, by means of which the liquid can be sprinkled where the flies congregate early in the morning, the effect upon the flies will soon be seen, as it quite promptly destroys them. This article is also used to destroy vermin.

FEED YOUR COWS WELL.—Cows giving milk should not be allowed to fall off in quantity from insufficient feed. It is more difficult to increase the flow of milk after a shrinkage from the lack of full feed than to keep up a high activity of the secretion at a particular time of the year. If shrinkage is established, as it will be by repetition, it is always easy to prevent it entirely by liberal feeding. The habit will also be transmitted to the offspring as a family characteristic that will diminish the value of the animal as a producer of milk. Give the cows extra feed as soon as the pasture begins to get short.

DIPTERIN in a colt takes about three weeks to run its course. All the medicine required is a slight dose of Epsom salts—say four to six ounces—and good nursing. Give warm bran mash, linseed or oat meal gruel; keep the animal warm, and rub the legs with cloths dipped in hot water, a tablespoonful of mustard in the water would be beneficial if the legs seem to be weak and numb.

The French, who export more pears than any other nation; cover the inside of the boxes with spongy paper or dry moss, which absorbs the moisture. Each pear is then wrapped in soft paper and placed in layers in the boxes, the largest and least mature in the bottom, filling all interstices with the dry moss. Thus they will keep a month or more. They are so closely packed that though they cannot touch each other all motion is prevented. If one decays the others are not harmed.

In many cases fall plowing can be practiced to advantage. When the surface soil is too shallow it is best deepened by fall plowing, to be mellowed by a frost before a crop is planted upon it. The work can be done at any convenient time as long as the ground remains open. The furrows should be rather narrow, not thrown too flat, and ample means for the exit of water should be provided. Shallow working in spring with cultivator, disk, or spring-tooth harrow will often be found sufficient to fill fall-plowed land for spring crops.

A poultry breeder says farmers will feed a bushel of corn to produce six pounds of pork, worth 60 cents, while this bushel would keep a hen. She would lay at least twelve dozen eggs, which, averaging 13 cents per dozen, would equal \$2.16 and she would rear a brood of chickens worth as much more, making a total of nearly \$5.

It is an interesting and well established fact that bees never visit two or more classes of flowers on the same trip, but always procure a full load of honey, of whatever kind they commence on first, and return to the hive to unload before making a change.

The modes of purifying water are either mechanical or chemical, according as the impurities are in suspension or in solution. From suspended impurities, causing more or less turbidity, water is purified by subsidence and by filtration. On the large scale subsidence is carried on in reservoirs; on the small scale, in water-butts, tanks and cisterns. The process is necessarily slow. The deposited matter, remarks the author of *Water, and Water Supplies*, should be periodically removed. In semi-barbarous countries muddy water is sometimes fined or cleared by the addition of the mucilaginous pulp of certain fruits, after the manner of which Europeans clarify wine, coffee, etc., by the addition of white of egg or isinglass. The dairy matter slowly coagulates, enclosing the suspended matters as in a net, leaving the fluid clear. Filtration is conducted on the largest scale through gravel and sand, through spongy iron also—on the small scale through spongy iron, carbide of iron, charcoal, sponge, cloth, paper, some other material being occasionally employed. The chief objection to filtration is the liability of a portion of the impurities to decompose and to increase instead of decrease the impurities of water subsequently passed through the filters. The present such an unfortunate result the filters must be duly cleansed. Large filters are of necessity kept in order; household filters are, to say the least, liable to be neglected.

A geological discovery of some interest has been made at Nazzano, not far from Rome. The gigantic skull of a whale of the Pliocene period was found imbedded in yellow sand, which is rich in fossil mollusks. This relic of past ages must have been stranded on the shore, and gradually covered by sediment. The skull, with many of the gigantic bones of the animal, have been extracted from the sand and carried to a neighboring grove until they can be transported to some museum. Thirty years ago Professor Ponzi discovered at Rignano a fossil elephant, which figures now, I believe, in the university.

FIRM MOTHER (to boy)—"Didn't I tell you that I'd whip you if you played in that water again, say?" Boy—"Yessum." Firm mother—"Thee why did you do it?" Boy—"Because I didn't believe you." Firm mother—"Never mind, you shan't go down town with me when I go; see if you do?" Shortly afterward the firm mother and boy go down town together.

Important. When you visit or save New York City, save yourself the trouble of carrying a bag of soap and a bar of soap, and take with you a box of *Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills*. It will cure you of all the troubles of the city.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. A Great Reward will be secured by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Full information will be sent you free, about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are situated, that will pay you from \$25 to \$250 and upwards a day. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed; Hallett & Co., will start you. Both sexes; all ages. The chance of a lifetime. All is new. Now is the time. Fortunes are absolutely sure for the workers.

The perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

No lady should live in perpetual fear, and suffer from the more serious troubles that so often appear, when Dr. Kilmor's COMPLETE FEMALE REMEDY is certain to prevent and cure Tumors and Cancer there.

Truth possessed, but not obeyed becomes unwelcome.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

ANAKESIS PILLS. "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief in all cases of Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, etc. It is sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box. Prepared by J. N. Harris & Co., New York. Sent FREE by J. N. Harris & Co., New York. Sole manufacturer, "ANAKESIS."

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury. Contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agents: C. N. CRITCHFIELD, New York.

PENSIONS to Soldiers & Widows. Send stamp to Soldiers' Bureau, U. S. War Dept., Washington, D. C.

RUPTURE Cured by **FRANK'S RUPTURE REMEDY**. Cures all cases of Rupture, Hernia, etc. Sent FREE by J. N. Harris & Co., New York.

25 CENTS Pays for three new entertaining games, suitable for the whole family. Stamp taken. **ACHILLES PUB. CO.,** Jacksonville, Fla.

AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE CONSULT

DR. LOBB, 229 N. 15th St., below Calhoun, Philadelphia. Errors of Youth a specialty. Call or write. 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Advice free and strictly confidential. Treatment by Mail. Hours: 11 A. M. till 9 P. M. and 7 to 10 evenings.

46 499 **FITS STOPPED FREE** by **DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER**. Cures all cases of Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Sent FREE by J. N. Harris & Co., New York.

THURSTON'S IVORY TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 50c. round, 50c. etc.

WE WANT YOU! or **Wanted** men for profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$50 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales. If preferred, send us your name, address, and particulars. **STANDARD ELECTRIC CO.,** Springfield, Mass.

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HARTSHORN'S SHAD ROILER BEST NOTICE LABEL GUARANTEE

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties just the required remedy in hundreds of cases. "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." **THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.**

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." **Mrs. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.**

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by **C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.**

100 Doses One Dollar.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND Is a Positive Cure For Female Complaints and Weaknesses as common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Chlorotic State.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. This tendency to cancerous humors is checked very speedily by its use. It removes fatness, restores healthy circulation, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of laboring down, causing pain, weight and sickness, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the Female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. No family should be without **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS.** They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents a box at all druggists.

ELY'S CATARRH Cream Balm I have used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and can say in all sincerity, I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrhal headache and this is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief. **Dr. J. C. Williams, 145 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.**

A particular application to each nostril and is as certain to cure. **ELY BROTHERS, DRUGGISTS, Oswego, N. Y.**

STOP THAT COUGH IT ANNOYS EVERYBODY **PROCEURE A BOTTLE OF ALLEN'S LUNG BALM** at any DRUGSTORE TAKE IT FAITHFULLY, AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT THERE IS BUT ONE REMEDY FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Allen's Lung Balm Sold by all Druggists at 25¢ 50¢ & \$1.00 per bottle. **J. N. HARRIS & CO. (INCORPORATED) Props. Cin. O.**

MEDICAL OFFICES, 206 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Formerly **Dr. J. N. & J. B. HOBENACK.** Established 40 years. For the cure of all Special Diseases of MEN, including **VARICOCELE, Etc.** Call or write and be cured. Hours, 8 to 12, 6 to 9. Closed Sundays.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for **INVENTOR'S GUIDE.** **BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.**

PENSION CLAIMS of **KINDS** presented without delay. **PERIENCE. TWENTY-TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE.** **MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,** Washington, D. C. **CHICAGO, ILL.** **DETROIT, MICH.**

BUFFALO SCALES STANDARD **AWARDED FIRST PREMIUM** AT THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION, New Orleans. (Four Gold Medals. All other principal fairs.) **Best value for your money.** Full particulars, address **BUFFALO SCALE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

Frink's Rupture Remedy Will quickly cure any case of hernia or rupture, and prevent the return of the same. **Dr. FRANK, 234 Broadway, New York.**

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Pimples, Bores, Itch, Hair and Skin, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Head, Bores, Ringworm, and their treatment. **Send for book of 50 pages, only 10c. Sent by mail, 25c. Postage, 10c. Albany, N. Y., J. C. Williams.**

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Cures where all else fails. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. **Dr. PISO, 100 N. 10th St., Philadelphia.**

\$5 or **\$9 a day.** Samples worth **\$100 FREE** sent to you under the name of **Dr. PISO.** Address **Dr. PISO'S BATTERY, 100 N. 10th St., Philadelphia.**

HARTSHORN'S SHAD ROILER BEST NOTICE LABEL GUARANTEE

FITS All Fits stopped free. Treatise and extra booklet **Dr. Kilmor's Great Nerve Restorer**, sent by mail. **Dr. Kilmor, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia.** Try it.

Verily hypocrites sink into a lower abyss than any other sinner.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists.

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"THOMAS, you have disobeyed your old grandfather." "No I didn't ma." "Yes you did. Have you not been in swimming?" "Yes, ma." "Didn't I hear him say to you not to go in swimming?" "Oh, he didn't tell us that, he only came out and said: 'Boys I wouldn't think you'd go in swimming, and I shouldn't think he would, an old rheumatoid man like him; but he didn't say nothin' about our going in swimming.'"

"Don't you love the smell of a good cigar?" inquired an Austin antelope of Vanderbilt of Gus De Smith.

"You bet I do," replied Gus, his face brightening with anticipation.

"Have you got ten cents about your person?" inquired the first speaker again.

"Yes, what of it," asked Gus.

"Well you give me ten cents, and that with the money I have will purchase a prime cigar."

"But what will I get?"

"Why, you'll get the smell which you say you date upon so much."

A YOUNG Texas lady of a violent temper, just about to be married, was found weeping by a friend.

"Why do you weep, Fanny? Your future husband is one of the most kind hearted men in the world," asked the friend.

"I know it, but I can't help feeling sorry for the poor devil. I have such a tender heart that it makes me cry to think how I'll boss him around. The poor man has no idea what he is going to suffer at my hands," and once more the eyes of the kind-hearted woman were filled with brine.

BILLINGS (meeting Baxter who is walking rapidly along the street)—"Helloa Baxter, why this rush?"

Baxter—"I am walking fast to keep that fellow Staggs from catching up with me. He's an awful bore. So long."

Billings (meeting Staggs, who is walking slowly)—"Helloa, old fellow, why are you poking along this way?"

Staggs—"To keep from catching up with that fellow Baxter. He's the worst bore in town."

JINKS—"I don't believe I will be home before eleven o'clock to-night, my dear. You see it's initiation night at our lodge." Mrs. Jinks—"You expect to be home before twelve then, I suppose?"

"Eh, yes; about eleven or half-past."

"Well, in that case you will be awake, and I won't need the key."

"The key?" "No. The masquerade ball closes about midnight." Jinks didn't go.

"Now, lovey," said old Bilkins' wife the other morning as he started to go down town to attend to business, "what is ooh going to give wifey for a birthday gift?" (He only gets that kind of taffy once a year.)

"Oh, you shall have a nice hood if you like."

"Oh, hoods are so cheap, petty." "Well, the kind of hood I want to give you costs thousands of dollars."

"Yes; never mind about that. Passers-by will smooth 'em."

"Yes; I'll stick on 'em a piece of paper with the word 'Paint' on it, and everybody will give the ralls a rub to see if it's dry."

In England during 1885 there were twelve deaths attributable to the use of chloroform, and but three to ether.

Laboratories for the use of physicians are to be built in Paris at the instance of the International Society of Electricians.

A soft silky texture is a most desirable feature to any head of hair and Carboline, the only natural hair producer made from petroleum unrefined, will impart this characteristic loveliness to the most unruly locks. Try it.

The vigorous idea keeps warm though wrapped in a few words.

W. H. Worthington, editor of "Patrons of Husbandry," Columbus, Mass., writes Feb. 25, 1887: "Your great remedy, Allen's Lung Balm, I have used in my family for fifteen years for coughs and colds, and know it to be the best." Price 25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle, at Druggists.

The ideal saint of the young moralist is cut from sappy timber.

Fraser Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

Great power of acquisition is common to millionaires and hogs.

LYON'S Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.

Not long since Gus de Smith took a stroll through the Austin graveyard. When he came out of the graveyard he looked very serious. Glibbly meeting him asked him what was the matter. "Nothing, only I was thinking that the Austin husbands must light all the fires in the morning."

"What makes you think that?" "Well, I see so many of them are burned to death. I noticed on three or four tombstones: 'Peace to his ashes.'"

Will not soil the clothing nor stain the skin. **Hall's Hair Renewer.** Try it.

"Ayer's Pills cured me of stomach and liver troubles."—**D. W. Baine, New Bern, N. C.**

ENFANT TERRIBLE—"Pa, is sister Sue jointed like the doll you gave me Christmas?" Father—"Certainly not, Cleopatra Maria." "Why do you ask?"

Enfant Terrible—"Cause last night at the musicale, when she got in the middle of the crowd, Dr. Dibbles asked if he could take her apart for a few minutes."

OH! MY BACK Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC

Enriches the Blood. Gives New Vigor. **MRS. ELIZA JENNER, 60 Hemlock St., Allegheny, Pa., says:** "For several years I have suffered with Back-ache and Weakness. The various remedies I used afforded but little relief. Three bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters cured me."

MR. ALFRED BRIDGES, Petersburg, Va., says: "I have for years been an invalid, suffering from pain in my back, joints, kidneys and bladder, have tried innumerable prescriptions and preparations without benefit. Two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me, and I gratefully recommend it. Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red line on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, Md.**"

DR. KILMER'S HERBAL REMEDIES LOCATE YOUR VITAL ORGANS. AND REMEDIES for their CURE.

COMPLETE FEMALE DELIVERED **FEMALE LEAF EX.** **U. S. PATENT** **DR. KILMER & CO., N. Y.**

YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM. **Hop Plasters.** Highly medicated for the cure of pain and disease. A wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, etc. Made from Purest Hop, and good, full and lasting relief. Price, 10c. per box. **DR. KILMER & CO., N. Y.**

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To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.

Nothing like **Cann's Kidney Care** for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, etc. Cure guaranteed. Office, 361 Arch St., Phila. \$1 a bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Druggists. Try it.

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Cures and Prevents

RRR **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

quicker than any known remedy. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled Nervous, Neuragic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY

A WOMAN'S PLUCK.

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS SUCCESSFULLY BRAVED IN A BARREL.

Miss Allen and Hazlett Make the Perilous Trip at Niagara Falls—Brodie, Donovan and All Other Falls Heroes Outdone by a Buffalo Beauty.

BUFFALO, Nov. 29.—The town of Niagara Falls has had its full share of sensations during the past few months, but, perhaps, the one that caused the most excitement of them all took place yesterday. When Graham undertook the feat of navigating the whirlpool in his barrel people admired his pluck, and when Hazlett and Potts successfully braved the angry waves and in their novel craft journeyed down from the falls to Lewiston the exploit was looked upon as eclipsing Graham. Then Donovan made his jump from the bridge and in turn became the hero of the hour.

A day or two ago, when it was announced that another attempt to go through the rapids was to be made by George Hazlett and that a young lady resident of this city was to share the trip, the majority of the people looked upon the announcement as a hoax. The young lady, who is well known in the Thirtieth ward, has many friends, and as a consequence the trains from this city to the Falls bore more than the usual number of Sunday excursionists to that place and much interest was manifested. On the 9:30 train over the Central road Saturday night, among the passengers to the Falls were Miss Sadie Allen, the young lady who had made up her mind to make the dangerous attempt, and a party of personal friends. On arriving at the Falls the party proceeded to a hotel near the entrance to Prospect park which they made their headquarters. The Allen passed the evening very quietly in social conversation and the society of her friends, and retired to rest soon after midnight. She did not appear to be in the slightest degree nervous, and in this respect she had the advantage of the other ladies of her party, who could not disguise the fact that they feared the outcome of the undertaking. She slept well and arose in the morning as calm and confident as ever. The morning passed on and 1 p. m. arrived, bringing in due course the noon train from Buffalo, on board of which, among numerous citizens, was the United Press representative, who proceeded to the hotel and found the party getting ready for the start to the river. During the previous day the barrel had been brought up from Chippewa and placed in the water at Maid of the Mist landing. All arrangements had been completed, and about 1:30 a start was made from the hotel. On nearing the bank Miss Allen said, "I would rather die than back out now. I know I am running a great risk, but if I don't come out all safe I shall have shown that I had the courage to go through with it."

All being ready, Mr. Scully and William Potts took a carriage and departed on the journey along the American side of the river to Lewiston, where the voyagers were to land. Miss Allen and George Hazlett, her fellow voyager, got into the barrel and at 2:30 the start was made. The barrel slowly drifted for the short distance intervening between the commencement of the rapids, and about one minute later the first wave caught the craft and then the battle between the will rushing torrent and it began in earnest. The angry waves tossed and hurled the tiny speck, as it seemed to those on the bank, in every direction. Now sideways, now stern first, now almost on end, the craft and its freight dashed madly on, at times entirely submerged, then almost thrown into the air. At 2:57 the whirlpool was reached, and, passing close to the Canadian shore, after a lapse of four minutes, during which the conflicting eddies carried the barrel now in one direction, then in an opposite one, the craft shot out of the maelstrom and down the river towards Lewiston. After proceeding about 300 yards down the rapids a sudden eddy caught the barrel and flung it over near the Canadian shore, where the current struck it and carried it back again in the direction of the whirlpool, only, however, to be again forced in the opposite direction by the volume of water rushing from the crest of the falls, where the occupants were assisted out of the barrel. They had been in the interior of the craft one hour and fifteen minutes. Miss Allen suffered an attack of vomiting, but soon recovered, and the journey back along the margin of the river to the elevator began.

This was no easy task, but it was safely accomplished, after being nearly pulled to pieces by her friends, who could not restrain their joy. Miss Allen was driven to her hotel at the falls.

When she had sufficiently recovered Miss Allen feebly whispered to her brother-in-law: "Well, Will, you see I went through game."

"Yes, you did, my girl," he responded, "I guess you don't care for any more of it, do you?"

"No, indeed," she replied. "Nothing would ever tempt me to go through again."

Then, turning to the correspondent, she continued: "I am all right, I guess, but my limbs and body feel terribly bruised and sore. I guess I can't go home, for I feel as if I couldn't stir. You see I was not used to the thing and in the terrible ordeal I lost my grip on the handles and was thrown about considerably. I was, oh, so frightfully sick. When I came out of the barrel I did not know where I was at all. When I was being taken up in the elevator I guess every man kissed me a dozen times. I never saw such a lot of crazy and silly fellows. Several gave me gold pieces, and this gold coin a nickel was the smallest, but I value it as a token of good will just the same. I should never have made the trip if I had known it was such an awful place, but after I once said I would go, why I would."

Hazlett was bruised considerably, but kept on his feet, trying to administer to the comfort of the girls. She stayed last night with her people, but will go to Buffalo to-day if she feels able. It is an unheard of thing for any object to go through the whirlpool and stop short of the mouth of the river. At Thompson's point, however, several bodies have been found, and it will now go down on the local charts as a place equal to the devil's hole.

Hailed by Anarchists. PARIS, Nov. 29.—A Radical meeting held here yesterday was interrupted by Anarchists, who rushed upon the platform and drove the speakers away. A fierce fight ensued during which several persons were injured. Twelve of the rioters were arrested.

Accused of Setting His Store on Fire. PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—John Lamond's tea store was damaged by fire to the extent of \$1,000 Sunday. Lamond was arrested on suspicion of setting the store on fire, as he was seen to leave the building just before the flames were discovered.

WOMAN AND HOME.

REPLY TO A JOURNALIST'S CRITICISM OF THE FAIR SEX.

Amusements for Little Convalescents—A Crooked Mother's Advice—Woman's Individuality—Different Ways of Growing Old—Titled Englishmen—Home Hints.

A man down in Hartford, who probably introduced himself as "a journalist," is terribly and pitifully ignorant of this fact. He sprouted forth the other day in quite a harangue of which this is a portion:

"This apartment of the household will be found an interesting locality by those young ladies of the present time who are devoting themselves to novelties. While it is true that the rolling pin, in red plush dress, has ventured into the parlor, it does not signify that it is all there is of interest in the kitchen from which it came. There are several articles of usefulness in a well regulated kitchen to which our young ladies should be introduced, before their 'cards are filled.' A cotillon with a cooking range for a partner, a pan of biscuit and joint of beef in the set, would prove most enjoyable; a walk around the floor with a mop handle, mop on train, would bring the roses to the cheek; a schottische a la washboard de soap bubble party would be 'awfully good'; while a polka mazurka with vegetable dinner accompaniment would place the latest crown of usefulness firmly upon the brow of the wives of the generation just stepping across the threshold. An exploring expedition to search for the kitchen should be formed in each house about 6:30 a. m."

Now this is all very well for a man that likes that sort of thing, but in words like unto his own, "It won't wash." It is not gallant, to say the least, and, worse than that, it is not honest. I would like to ask the man a few questions, first, of course, stipulating that he drop all old habits and tell the truth. I'd like to ask him if he ever took a full quarter's sessions in dancing these same schottisches and waltzes and cotillons and polkas. If he had personally enjoyed what he asserts to be so enjoyable; if he had ever in this same way brought roses to his cheek; if he had proved for himself that such amusements were "awfully good;" if he had ever, of his own accord, taken similar exploring expeditions at 6:30 a. m.

I would like to ask him if he would think it truly reasonable of any desirable young woman to refuse the offer of his protection and loyalty and general allegiance unless he could prove that it was his daily habit, as well as his desire, to always black his own boots, to keep the ashes from accumulating in front of the furnace door, to shave himself, to do up his own laundry bundle, to walk invariably to his office and to always be ahead of his mother's request to see about spring doors and awnings. I'd like his bold assertion that nothing pleased him so much as to spend the hour from 6 to 7 a. m. in bending a back over an empty stomach pulling weeds in the front yard, raking the rubbish from beside the carriage house, or better yet, currying Billy the horse.

I'd like to know if he were equally as ready to obey his father's lightest law and save the old gentleman as many steps as his sister or the girl that he has in mind, when he so severely maligns the sex, is to obey and serve her mother.

With one more question I think I'd be willing to let him go, on condition he'd never say such a thing again. I'd like to ask him what kind of a young woman, and above all what kind of an old one, are his especial admiration, whether he likes best of all the girls whose finger nails are broken off by contact with that same awfully "mop on train" who has felines from pulling clinkers from out the grate; who gets all hot and red faced from scrubbing and doing dishes, and all "smelly" from cooking; whether he admires most the old lady with hand like horn, knotty and twisted with years of labor; with tired old feet that can hardly bear her slender weight; deep drawn eyes that look as if they had seen the sun rise from the wooded door for the last sixty years, except on the days when she was too sick to be able to go out through the wet grass and pick up chips to cook the 7 o'clock breakfast by. Whether he likes best such pictures to dwell upon, or whether those that please him best are, after all, the girl whose finger tips are pink and whose nails are bright, who comes down rosy and laughing to breakfast at the same time he does, and who is as fresh as a rose all the day long, and the snowy haired old lady, with kind, happy eyes and light hands and softly stepping old feet, who has seen a few of life's pretty things and enjoyed them right well, and can now wave to others the pleasures that others have given to her.

What do you suppose would be the substance of this poor, foolish fellow's confession could we once get him into the proposed palace of truth, with every door shut? If he were like most men he'd own up like a man that he was simply trying to be funny at the expense of his mother, his sister, his wife and women in general.—F. B. M. in New York Graphic.

Amusements for Little Convalescents.

Very often the convalescence of children is retarded by a depressing ennui. Little children have not the mental resources nor the philosophy of grown-up invalids, and if too young or too weak to read, it goes hard with the patient—and with the nurse, too—if he must lie still all day, sighing and moaning: "Oh, I wish I could get up!"—"Oh, dear, I am so tired of this bed!"—"Oh, when can I go down stairs?" and all the fretful lamentations familiar to mothers and nurses.

As it taxes one's ingenuity to amuse and pacify these little patients, I will mention two or three things I did for my boy when he was recovering from diphtheria, hoping the experience may be of use to some other mother. Of course, I soon exhausted stories, and the mild play with such toys as weak little hands can manage, and the old cry of "Oh, mamma, what can I do?" set in again.

The walls of the sick room were of bare plaster—as all sick-room walls should be, for a coat of lime makes them all fresh and pure again—and when my weary child sighed, among his many sighs, for "something new in the room to look at," I brought him a roll of pictures saved from a year's numbers of a London illustrated newspaper. These I brought into the sick room and pinned all about the walls. The effect was very enlivening. The room seemed suddenly enlarged—as if it all at once opened out upon all the quarters of the globe. There were broad landscapes and wild marine scenes, battlefields, Christmas firesides, noble portraits of horses and dogs, brave generals and fair women, pretty groups of children and tumbling waterfalls. The small invalid was delighted. Then I brought him a long, light stick—a piece of inch moulding, it happened to be—with which he could point at the different pictures while he asked as many questions as he liked. This stick was an inspiration. It was like having arms six feet long, and the boy had great fun "visiting all around the world" with it, as he expressed it. As long as he held in bed the first demand in the morning was, "Give me my poke-stick, mamma." As I had to be out of the room a good deal, I fixed a call-bell on the foot of the bed, and we arranged a code of signals that proved quite entertaining. Three taps on the bell with the

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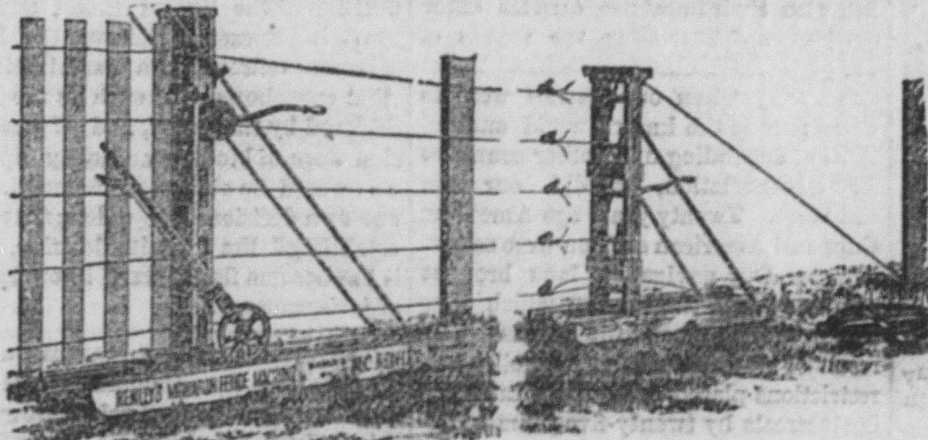
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NEWS OF THE WEEK

—While ten men were rafting logs near Greenville, Alabama, on the 15th, a number of logs rolled down an embankment, killing one man and fatally injuring another.

—Henry Perry, aged 14 years, and Henry Karba, aged 10, were drowned at Houghton, Michigan, on the 14th, while sliding on the ice above the dam.

—Charles Dinwiddie, colored, charged with assault and robbery, was killed in the jail at McKenney, Tennessee, by a mob of lynchers on the evening of the 15th. Charles Fife, while going to his home in Chicago on the evening of the 15th, was beaten into insensibility by unknown ruffians, and died on the 16th of his wounds. Frank Klusick, a preacher, quarreled with John Cundiff near Grange City, Kentucky, on the 15th, and began to show fight. When he made at Cundiff, the latter picked up an axe and killed Klusick. In Pittsburg, on the evening of the 16th, Louis Hammers stabbed and killed his brother-in-law, William Heath, a saloon keeper. There was no immediate provocation for the deed. Hammers had an old grudge against his victim, whose marriage to his sister he had opposed.

—A large portion of the business section of Durham, North Carolina, was on the 16th destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$300,000; insurance, \$200,000. The business portion of Everett, Dakota, was burned on the 15th. Loss, \$22,000. The Evans Manufacturing Company's buildings, at Piqua, Ohio, were burned on the 15th. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$16,000. Forty persons are thrown out of work. A fire at Huron, Ohio, on the 15th, destroyed the fish and ice house of Wyckham & Co. and John Barron. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$25,000.

—Cohn, Sampliner & Co., gentlemen's furnishing goods, of Cleveland, Ohio, made an assignment on the 16th. Liabilities, \$200,000; assets, \$175,000. A meeting of the creditors of P. H. Hiss & Co., furniture dealers, of Baltimore, who recently made an assignment, was held on the 16th. The liabilities were stated at \$250,000, of which \$50,000 is protected by the lien law. The indebtedness to the banks is: Bank of Baltimore, \$35,000; Mechanics' Bank, \$35,000; Western Bank, \$30,000; all of Philadelphia, and Metropolitan Bank, Washington, \$10,000. The assets are said to largely exceed the liabilities.

—Nine cars of a freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad were wrecked on the 16th, near Mountville, Penna., by the breaking of an axle. The tracks were blocked for several hours.

—Irving Pierce, 21 years of age, has come to grief in Albany, New York, from having two employments incompatible with each other. He was for many months a telegraph operator, receiving the night report of the Associated Press in that city, and he also obtained an interest in the business of a "bucket shop" operator. He was also, it is alleged, using the Associated Press news for "specials" for a Sunday paper, and was dismissed from the Associated Press employment in consequence. On the night of the 15th he disappeared, and it is reported that the books of the "bucket shop" and margins, aggregating \$2,000, disappeared with him.

—Thomas Wilston, aged 50 years, superintendent of the Fox Hill granite quarries in Chester county, Pennsylvania, disappeared a week ago with \$7,000, collected to pay the men.

—A storm, which on the morning of the 16th, was central in the Indian Territory, moved northwardly and was on the 17th, central in Iowa. Rain fell generally in all the States south of the fortieth parallel, and rain and snow in all the States north of it except New England. In the extreme northwest fair weather prevailed. In Dakota, Colorado, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Minnesota a furious snow-storm prevailed. At St. Paul the snow, which began on the 15th, was still falling on the 17th, and all the street cars in that city and Minneapolis were stopped. In Omaha almost one foot of snow had fallen. Throughout the States mentioned there was a partial or total stoppage of railway travel. The temperature in Colorado and Dakota had fallen to zero.

—A stage coach, going from Leadville to Aspen, in Colorado, was caught in a snow slide on a mountain top and carried over a 200-foot precipice. There were nine passengers in the coach. Four escaped injury, but the others—Robert Dwyer, Christopher Conn, Duncan C. Robertson, I. A. Berdwell and Dillie McPherson—are believed to have been fatally injured.

—It is announced that "drawings have been prepared by the Seth Thomas Clock Company, of Thomaston, Connecticut, for the great clock which is to be placed in the tower of the new City Hall at Philadelphia, and which, if completed in accordance with their plans, will be the largest in the world." The bells upon which it will strike fifty thousand pounds, and the glass dials, as contemplated measures twenty-five feet in diameter.

—A freight train broke in two near Winchendon, Massachusetts, on the 17th, and the sections collided. William Higgins, brakeman, was killed, and another brakeman was injured. George Miller and John Hammer were injured on the 17th by a premature explosion of a blast in a stone quarry near Columbia, Pennsylvania. It is feared Miller's injuries are fatal.

—A freight train, blocked by the snow in a cut at Hinton Station, Iowa, was run into on the morning of the 17th by a passenger train. All the freight cars were burned and a number of persons were injured.

—Dr. Salmon, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, speaking of the cattle disease in Clinton County, Indiana, said on the 17th that it was imported by a lot of dairy calves from Western New York. Native cattle running with them became infected. "The sick cattle left out of those that were killed and burned were found to be afflicted with lung worms. This disease was common to cattle. It was not advantageous to kill them. They

should be kept by themselves, and with care and medical treatment they would recover."

—A telegram from Pittsburg says that on the night of the 17th three masked men broke into the house of Matthew McKeever, of Oakland township, "and, after a fight lasting over an hour, in which McKeever's sisters, Margaret and Jane, were terribly injured, succeeded in stealing a bucket containing nearly \$10,000, with which they escaped."

—A severe storm of wind and rain, accompanied in several localities by thunder and lightning, and having in many instances the force of a tornado, swept over Pennsylvania on the morning of the 18th. Great damage was done throughout the Wyoming Valley. At Wilkesbarre, houses were unroofed, trees leveled and snapped in twain, and telegraph and telephone wires damaged. At Kingston a new Catholic church, in course of erection, with 12-inch walls, was blown down. At Parsons the timbers and planks of a new shaft of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company were blown about and Robert Johnson, a carpenter, was killed by a flying plank. The steeple of the Methodist church was demolished. At Mill Creek the head-house of No. 3 shaft and the roof of No. 2 shaft of the Delaware and Hudson Company were blown down and destroyed. The damage done at these two collieries has caused a suspension of work for the present. At Lock Haven about 6 o'clock in the morning, two large iron smokestacks of the Pennsylvania Paper Mills, 75 feet high, were blown down and crushed in their fall the evaporating building and the boiler house. The fireman was badly injured. A large tobacco shed was demolished. In Berks county, trees, fences and out-buildings in Oley township were demolished; Spahr & Gresemeyer's tobacco warehouse was wrecked, and the church at Swartzwald was partly destroyed. At Chambersburg and in its vicinity, chimneys were blown down, houses unroofed, barns levelled and trees uprooted.

—Reports from the Northwest show that snow was still falling in Iowa on the 18th and drifting badly, owing to high winds. While a snow plow on the Fonda Railroad was pushing through a drift near Panora, on the 17th, three trackmen, Mr. Farrow and his son and Joseph Davis, were struck and so badly injured that Farrow and son died on the 18th. Davis had both legs broken and was otherwise severely hurt. The storm was so blinding that the men could not be seen by the engineer. Snow ceased falling at St. Paul on the 18th. The temperature was 15 above zero. The depth of snow was 14 inches. A heavy fall of snow set in on the 18th at Chicago. Sleet and snow are reported in Northern Louisiana and freezing temperature in Texas.

—A limited express train bound east, on the Pan Handle Railroad, was wrecked by a landslide at Jones Ferry, on the outskirts of Pittsburg, at half past six o'clock on the morning of the 18th. A mass of rocks fell upon the sleeping cars, three in number, partially wrecking them. Sixteen persons were injured, eight severely, and two of the latter may not recover. A passenger train on the Newport and Mississippi Valley Railroad was partially thrown from a trestle near Triple Tunnel, Kentucky, on the 16th, by the breaking of a wheel. Two train hands and several passengers were injured. A passenger train on the Vincennes and Chicago Railroad ran into a fallen tree near Lawrenceville, Indiana, on the 16th, and was wrecked. The fireman, named Esch, was killed, and the engineer injured.

—On the morning of the 15th, William Meyers, aged 16 years, and John Flynn, aged 15, left their homes, near Dexter, Missouri, to gather nuts. They did not return, and on Tuesday, the 16th, a search party found the remains of William, who had been devoured by wolves, in a lonely ravine. No trace of Flynn has yet been discovered. That section of the country is overrun with wolves. The farm house of James Johnson, near Marion, Indiana, was burned on the 18th, and two daughters of Mr. Johnson—Ella, aged 18 years, and Minnie, aged 20—perished in the flames. A farm hand, named Turner, was dangerously injured. Albert Seitz, accidentally shot and killed himself while gunning near Lancaster, Penna., on the 18th.

—The vitrol works of the John L. Thompson Chemical Company, near Troy, New York, were demolished on the 18th by a tornado. Sixteen men were badly burned by the vitrol and cut by flying glass and timbers. The loss on property is \$40,000. A canal boat captain was blown into the canal by the same tornado and drowned. A terrific thunder storm broke over New York city shortly before noon on the 18th. Two inches of rain fell, and the wind reached a velocity of 40 miles per hour.

—Freitag's embroidery factory at Jersey City was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 19th. The building was of wood, one and a half stories high, and covered nearly a block. It contained expensive machinery. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, fully insured. All the business blocks on the island in the river between East and West Joliet, Illinois, and between the canal and river bridges, were burned on the morning of the 19th. Loss, \$66,000; insurance, \$26,000. The First Presbyterian Church of Lake, Illinois, was burned on the 18th. Loss, \$50,000. The High School building at Macomb, Illinois, was burned on the evening of the 19th. Loss, \$35,000; insurance, \$12,500. Two Pullman sleeping cars were burned on the morning of the 19th near Kingston, Ontario. They contained a number of passengers, few of whom saved more than their night clothes. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

—In Cincinnati, on the 18th, Peter Englehart, who has been living apart from his wife for some time, entered her apartments and fired two shots at their eight-year-old son, but missed him. Mrs. Englehart flew to the child's rescue and her husband shot and dangerously wounded her in the face. Englehart then went to the river and jumped in, but was rescued and taken

to the hospital. On the 19th in Pittsburg, Charles Jones, a drunken policeman, shot and killed his wife because she tried to get him to go home just after the close of a ball when he was trying to pick a quarrel with several persons. Jones (when sober, presumably) "has always borne a good reputation, and was considered one of the best officers on the force."

—Twenty cars of a Reading Railroad freight train were thrown from the track, near Ashley, Penna., on the evening of the 19th, by the breaking of an axle. Three men were seriously injured; one of them—William Rogers, brakeman—is not expected to recover.

—James Burns and John Henderson were fatally burned by an explosion of gas in an iron mill at Millvale, Penna., on the 18th.

—Charles A. Brown and P. L. Huggins were killed on the 19th at Syracuse, New York, by the explosion of a filter in a pan at the experimental salt works. Another man was severely injured.

—The storm of the 18th demolished a summer hotel in course of erection on Walnut Mountain, near Liberty, Sullivan county, New York. The building, which measured 50 by 100 feet and was six stories high, was lifted from its foundation and carried twelve feet. Eighteen men were inside at the time putting up partitions, and all escaped injury except one, who was dangerously injured.

—Cholera has broken out in the hospital for the insane in Buenos Ayres, South America. Eighteen cases and two deaths are reported. Nineteen new cases and five deaths were reported at Rosario on the 19th.

—Charles Francis Adams died on the 21st in Boston, in the 89th year of his age. He had been suffering for about ten years from a decay of his mental and physical faculties, and for two years had been unable to identify any member of his family, excepting perhaps his wife. He leaves four sons and one daughter, two of the sons, John Quincy and Charles Francis, Jr., being prominently known. Mr. Adams was the third son of John Quincy Adams, and was born in Boston on August 16th, 1807. When only two years old his father, who was then Ambassador to Russia, took him to St. Petersburg. Here he remained for three years, and acquired the Russian, French and German languages. After returning to his native country he entered the Boston Grammar School and subsequently became a student at Harvard, graduating in 1825. He studied law with Daniel Webster and was admitted to the bar, but never engaged in actual practice. He served five years in the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1848 was the "Free Soil" candidate for Vice President of the United States. Martin Van Buren being the candidate for President. In 1858 Mr. Adams was elected to Congress and in 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to Great Britain. He retained that post until 1868, when he was recalled at his own request. In 1871-72 he was arbitrator for the United States in the High Joint Commission to settle the respective claims of the United States and Great Britain growing out of our civil war. Mr. Adams is also known for his literary labors, prominent among them being the "Life and Works of John Adams."

—A fire in Cincinnati on the morning of the 20th destroyed the fourth, fifth and sixth stories of the large clothing houses of Mack, Stadler & Co. and Marcus Fechtmeier & Co., on West Third street. The total loss is estimated at over \$500,000. Four men were carried out by one of the cellars by the falling of the floors, and all were severely injured. A fire in Allegheny City, Penna., on the 20th, destroyed three ice-houses, two stables and seven dwellings, causing a loss of about \$30,000, on which there was an insurance of \$15,000. John Coward, foreman, was killed by falling bricks, and three others were injured. The Capitol Woolen Mills, in Sacramento, were burned on the 19th. Loss, \$75,000. Medical Hall, of the University of Virginia, was burned on the 20th. The building and its contents are partially insured.

—Dr. George Baur, assistant professor of the Peabody Museum at Yale, was knocked senseless on the 20th by the bursting of an ostrich egg. The eggs were shipped to Yale from Cape Town, November 14, 1885, for experimental purposes, and, owing to the delay, one of them fermented, generating a gas inside of it, which caused such an explosion that the building was shaken. Dr. Baur escaped with flesh wounds.

—The cattle plague raging on the Blue River near Lincoln, Nebraska, is said to present some of the symptoms of rabies, but its nature is not yet determined. About two months ago, "a mad dog was seen to enter two pastures and bite a number of cattle." This antedated the disease.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.			
Beef.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
Hog.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
Sheep.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
Flour, Western.....	2 50	4 85	
do Pennsylvania.....	2 50	4 85	
Wheat, Western White.....	95	95 1/2	
do Pennsylvania.....	95	95 1/2	
Oats.....	24 1/2	25 1/2	
Potatoes.....	40	40 1/2	
Butter.....	15	15 1/2	
Cheese.....	25	25 1/2	
Wool, Penna. and Ohio.....	24	24 1/2	
do Canada.....	19	19 1/2	
Hops.....	9	9 1/2	
Provisions—Pork, per bbl.....	10 00	10 10	
do Beef.....	10 00	10 10	
Lard.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
Coffee.....	10 00	10 10	
Sugar.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
do refined.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
Rice.....	5 1/2	5 3/4	
Fish—Mackerel, fresh.....	30 00	30 00	
do Bay.....	30 00	30 00	
do Salt.....	30 00	30 00	
do Herring.....	30 00	30 00	
do Straw—Rye.....	15 00	15 00	
do Oats.....	10 00	10 00	
Hay—Timothy.....	10 00	10 00	

NEW YORK.			
Flour, Western.....	2 50	4 85	
do Pennsylvania.....	2 50	4 85	
Wheat, Western.....	95	95 1/2	
do Pennsylvania.....	95	95 1/2	
Oats, Middling.....	24 1/2	25 1/2	
Apples.....	10 00	10 10	
Oranges.....	10 00	10 10	
Lemons.....	10 00	10 10	
Peaches.....	10 00	10 10	
Plums.....	10 00	10 10	
Strawberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Blackberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Raspberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Loganberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Cherries.....	10 00	10 10	
Apples.....	10 00	10 10	
Oranges.....	10 00	10 10	
Lemons.....	10 00	10 10	
Peaches.....	10 00	10 10	
Plums.....	10 00	10 10	
Strawberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Blackberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Raspberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Loganberries.....	10 00	10 10	
Cherries.....	10 00	10 10	

Too Late.

You need not gaze on me so tenderly,
Your day is done!
I loved you from my heart despairingly
Ere you began!
Even while you met me with averted face,
And I did weep
That unrequited love could lacerate
And sting so deep.
Withdraw your gaze; take back your tardy
love,
'Tis useless here.
I could not mine recall tho' I should strive
With many a tear.
I loved 'not wisely, but too well,'
while you
Did coldly wait
Till my love, feeding on itself, burned out;
Now, 'tis too late.

A THORN ON THE STEM.

"Why, Mary, how late you are!" exclaimed Mary Morrison's father, a farmer living near Weston, Cheshire. "I was just going out myself to take your place. The boys have got half through."

"Oh, never mind, father," said pretty Mary, relieving him of his milking-pail and stool in a coaxing way. "This gentleman has been taking my picture."

"Your picture, eh? Good evening, sir, suppose you are one of them artist chaps at the tavern?"

The gentleman referred to, a handsome young fellow bowed. Yes, he was one of "them chaps." And in proof thereof he opened his portfolio. Mary gazed off toward the barnyard; the old man gazed with an open mouth at her portrait.

"That's her, sure enough; and the cows couldn't be better if you had stuck them in there just as they be in the yard. And Trip, too, you can see the bark just coming out of his mouth. I vow it's wonderful I say sir, I should like to see how you do it."

"You shall. Come this way."

The artist crossed the road, followed by the farmer, and sat down near the barnyard. Mary sat among a group of milkers, her tongue running fast about her portrait, while she leaned her pretty head against the spotted side of old Mooly, and watched her rapidly-filling pail. Before the work was over, the quick pencil had caught them all, and grouped them around the centre figure, like stars around the moon—like a rustic court attending upon their rustic queen.

"Well, it beats all!" ejaculated the farmer. "Mary, he's made another picture of you!"

She came out, smiling and blushing.

"Dear me, sir, I wanted to smooth my hair and change my dress before you took me again."

"We will let that go till I come another time," said the artist, gravely, as he closed his book. "It is almost time for me to go."

"Come in for a moment and take a cup of new milk," said the farmer, heartily. "That's what you don't get in London, Mr. —"

"My name is Curtis Howard, sir. You are right; I never get milk there, and I will trouble Miss Mary."

"Miss Mary hurried away to wash her hands and brush her dark hair. When she came back with the milk, the artist stood in the open parlor door, chatting with her father as if he had known him for years.

"Yes, I go to-morrow," he said, in answer to a question, just as she entered; and it was well he took the milk or she might have dropped it. He looked at her keenly; a deep blush covered her face; he sighed and raised a glass to his lips.

"Your health, Miss Mary, and a good husband to you."

The old man burst out laughing. Mary put the empty glass away with a small pain at her heart. She had often been joked about a husband before, yet somehow she did not like to hear the stranger joke about it. She would never marry—not she!

The evening passed swiftly away, and the village clock struck nine. The artist arose to go.

"Good-bye," he said, "and many thanks for your hospitality."

"Good-bye, sir. If ever you come this way, drop in and stay a week or two with us. Mary here will take good care of you, and you can make pictures of her to your heart's content."

"Thank you—you are very kind; and if I am near you, I shall not fail to accept the invitation. Miss Mary, may I venture to ask one thing of you in memory of this pleasant visit."

"What can I give you, sir?" she said, in a voice that trembled, though she tried to keep it steady.

"That flower, if you will."

He pointed to the rose on her bosom. She unfastened it, and seeing a thorn upon the stem, removed it before she placed it in his hand. He smiled sadly.

"Thank you. May all your roses be thornless for ever! I shall finish your picture, and perhaps you shall see it again some day. Good-bye, now."

He held out his hand. She gave him hers. The old farmer had already made two steps toward the gate and stood with his back toward them, gazing out toward his beloved barnyard and the fields beyond. Two pairs of eyes looked into each other's depths; two pairs of lips met softly; two hearts gave a quick bound. And then the artist went away. It was quite time for him to do so.

So Curtis Howard went away about

his business, and Miss Mary went to hers. Yet often, during the succeeding autumn and winter, after her work was done, she stood before the two pictures (hanging in the place of honor on the parlor wall), and sighed in an incomprehensible way that would have spoken volumes to any one experienced enough to read them.

And what of him? All that year he had worked as he had never worked before, and the end was gained. His great picture had given him fame enough to be the master of a pretty little villa on the Thames, daintily furnished, and boasting a rose garden worthy of Istanbul, a pleasure yacht, and a carriage. There was a dun cow, moreover, in the little pasture at the back, and a noble Newfoundland dog lying at his feet. Also a lady's work-table and easy chair beside one of the windows, at which he gazed with a proud smile. He took an embroidered note-case from his breast pocket, and extracted from its leaves the faded effigy of a blush-rose.

"Do you see that, Paul, my boy?" he said, gaily, holding it toward the dog, who was watching him curiously.

And Paul smelt it, and looked still more bewildered. What could his master want of such a thing? Was it not June, and were not the roses blooming in the garden? Why did he not go there and gather a fresh one?

Ah Paul, that was all you knew about it! Curtis Howard was pressing it to his lips, like a lover in an old romance, murmuring, "She took the thorn from it before she gave it to me, angel that she was! Dear little Mary!"

Mary Morrison's tasks for the day were over, the cows had been stalled for the night, the milk was put away, and her father had gone to the next house to smoke his pipe with a brother farmer, and exchange opinions about plowing. The girl was alone and a little lonely. So, calling Trip, she put on her hat, and went slowly down the hill. Beside the gate she halted.

"Here we first met," she said, softly, to herself, and leaning against the rail something dimmed her eyes. She dashed it away indignantly. Had she not promised herself that she would grieve no more for what could not be helped.

"Crying for the moon like a great baby, as I am!" she said, stamping her little feet indignantly. "I wonder, Trip, that you do not laugh at me!"

Trip had something better to do. An enemy was in sight—a great black dog was marching gravely up the hill, waving his feathery tail as if he were a monarch of all he surveyed. Trip, small as he was, would convince Trip, to the contrary, and showing all his teeth, and growling as if he had swallowed an earthquake, he made a sudden dash into the road, with a bark like twelve-penny trumpets blown by one breath.

"Trip, Trip!" cried the girl, without looking round.

"Paul, be quiet!" said a voice that made her heart stand still. "Trip, why, Trip, my fine fellow, have you forgotten me?"

The sharp bark changed into a delighted whine, the two dogs suspended hostilities, and came together to her feet; then some one followed, and her hand was taken in a warm one.

"It is you, then!" she said, turning round and looking into the bright, gay face she never expected to see again.

"It is I!" and he gazed as earnestly as she had done.

She was not thin or pale; she evidently had not pined for him; and yet there was something—an added look of gravity and seriousness that only love can bring.

"Are you glad to see me?"

"Very, very glad," she said, bending down to caress Paul, who had thrust his cold nose into her hand, and to speak a kind word to Trip, lest he should get jealous of the sable stranger.

The artist leaned upon the gate, and waited patiently. When she looked up again, he said quietly, "I have often thought of you all these long months. I painted your picture for the exhibition this year, and it has made my fortune. So I came to thank you for having put so much happiness within my reach. I am going to be married; I came to say good-bye to Mary Morrison first."

There was no answer. She turned white to the lips, but kept her eyes fixed steadily upon the western sky.

"To say good-bye to Mary Morrison," the artist continued, "and to salute, I hope, Mary Howard, before I return. What say you, darling?"

She yielded to the encircling arm that drew her nearer, and looked up at him.

"Are you in earnest?"

"I wish you would be half as much so."

"Then, how could you frighten me so."

"Did I frighten you, Mary? Then you love me; you cannot deny it after that. Listen: I have been hard at work this year making a home for you. Your picture gave me the means to do it, and will give me through other orders the means of doing much more. It is not a palace, but it is a pretty place enough, and it has a rose garden, Mary. You took the thorn from out the rose for me long ago; come with me and take them from all the roses through my life. Can you? Will you?"

There were tears in her eyes now which she did not try to dash away,

and Trip and Paul were witnesses of a second meeting of those lips, which seemed to imply that the rose garden would not have to wait very long for its pretty mistress. Then the four went up to the farmhouse, in the moonlight together.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

How the Watery Depths Are Lighted.—Use for Eyes and Colors.

One of the most striking things noticeable in dredging is the great variety and brilliancy of colors in the deep sea animals. There are bright red sea anemones, deep purple sea pens, delicate pink corals, pure white sea cucumbers, and dull black fishes, all mixed up in a mass of bluish gray mud. A few of the animals are blind, but most of them have very well developed eyes. In depths of over 1,000 fathoms it is physically impossible for the faintest gleam of sunlight to penetrate. It must be darker on the ocean bottom in 2,000 fathoms than the darkest starless night is, if nothing but sunlight was to be depended upon. If it was as dark as that, neither eyes nor color would be of any use. Nature does not support useless organs, and when an organ is no longer needed, it is dropped. The fish of Mammoth cave, no longer needing eyes, have become blind. Such would be the case in the deep sea. Another proof that there is light on the ocean bottom is the fact that many unprotected animals assume the colors of larger animals on which they habitually live. There is a brittle star that is always found in the branches of a bright orange-bush coral, and unless looking at it very closely, one can hardly distinguish it. There is an object in this—the starfish wishes to conceal itself; but if the ocean bottom was totally dark, there would be no need of such an arrangement, for the darkness alone would be sufficient.

One evening the dredge came up at 11 o'clock, and the electric light suddenly went out while we were examining its contents. Just before it came dark I had thrust my hand in the mud to draw out a rare shell

A Little While.

If I could see thee once again
A little while, once more,
Thy tender heart I might regain
And my lost peace restore;
You would forget the scorn you felt—
Spendent I'd be,
You would forgive while I knelt,
If I might only see
Thy bright eyes smile on me;
Only a little while,
Only once more.

If I should see thee once again,
And find thee stern and cold,
And ever dead—ah, bitter pain—
The bright, strong love of old;
Yea—even while I pour my scorn—
All bitter though it be—
And my heart with grief were torn,
I'd welcome misery,
If I thy face could see;
Only a little while,
Only once more.

"BENEATH HIM."

When Walter Merrill went away to college, everybody predicted a brilliant future for the lad of nineteen. In the quiet farming community, back in the New Hampshire hills, events of any importance were few and far between. The boys and girls grew up and tilled the farms and tended the homesteads of their fathers or settled on adjacent little farms of their own. It was an unexciting event in the historical annals of that quiet neighborhood when John Merrill sent his oldest son to Harvard. It was rumored that John Merrill, who had a shrewd eye for making two shillings out of one, had speculated in some western mines and realized a comfortable little fortune. At any rate, Walter was to turn aside from the road old way of his forefathers and educate himself, or rather be educated, for something great no doubt.

John Merrill himself a med his parental aspirations at no less a target than the presidential chair itself. "My Walter always had a nanker after knowledge," he boasted. "I'm going to give him a chance if I never had none myself. He'll show them fellows at the college that they'll have to lay 'wake nights if they get ahead of him."

Walter, though a handsome fellow and perhaps a little more than ordinarily keen in intellect, was not a general favorite in the place of his nativity. There was a certain air of conscious superiority about him that repelled his associates. He could not, at the time of leaving home, counted on the friendship of any of his young companions; save one, and that was a girl of seventeen.

Sweet Lettie Linden! For miles around her name was like a strain of music. The sight of her face was ever a signal for frowns and cross words to disappear as the frost melts after sunrise. Not a girl in all the region ever dreamed of being jealous of Lettie Linden. As well might they be jealous of the birds and flowers and sunshine. She was music, sweetness and brightness—as they were—and who could help loving her?

Walter Merrill's admiration for this wild-rose maiden was but a shade or two less intense than his admiration for himself. They had been schoolmates in the unpretentious Academy, from whose halls of learning the youths and maidens within a radius of twenty or thirty miles had graduated and considered their education "finished." It was ten miles from the little settlement of farms to the academy, and the visits home were made but once a month. A farm wagon, filled with straw, came regularly the last Friday afternoon of each month and bore the dozen hilarious students home for a holiday, returning Monday morning, bright and early.

Walter and Lettie measured swords throughout the two years course, Lettie not infrequently distancing him in scholarship. Perhaps it was this fact that kept him from assuming toward her any of the airs of offensive superiority which made him odious to others. If he triumphed over her in a single instance, her sweet, generous admission of defeat made her no less charming than when she said modestly:

"Walter, it was real good of you to let me be the winner this time. Will you do it again some time?"

He would never have replied to anyone else as he did to her—

"You know, Lettie, that I do not give you victory; that I do my level best to hold my own."

She had a beneficial influence over him, but it never extended to anybody else, it only had the effect of making him her firm friend against all others, and eventually his more than friend.

When he went away to college, he seemed to unsophisticated Lettie a hero going forth to win renown—not in the battle field but in the struggle for knowledge. She doubted not he would drink deep of the Parnassian Spring. It never worried her that he would go far ahead of her in the book-contest, now. She was content and happy in picturing the future, though she never forgot the present, in which centered a fond father and mother and three brothers.

The Lindens were well-to-do farmers, nothing more. The three sturdy boys helped their father on the farm, and Lettie and her gentle mother performed the household duties. Neatness and order reigned—from kitchen to living-room. No matter whether the sun shone on the outer world or not there was always sunlight in the face of the daughter of the house—sunlight without a shadow. The shadow had yet to come.

The weeks and months went uneventfully by. Each week, however, had an event of great interest to Lettie in the shape of letters from Walter. At first they were long and abounded in expressions of tender affection. But that enthusiasm lasted only a few weeks then the two sheets gradually gave place to one—and finally to less than one, Walter excused himself by saying—

"You can't conceive, Lettie, how hard a Harvard student has to work. A fellow has not much time to spare for writing letters, even to the girl he loves."

And Lettie believed every word he said. "He will come home next summer," Lettie pondered. "People will like him better. I hope, after he has been away for so long."

She spent much of her time in read-

ing—not the silly novels that the other girls read, though she had a keen relish for the romance of standard authors—but books on travels, history and biography. These accumulated on her bookshelves in her dainty chamber under the eaves, as fast as her father and brothers could spare the means to purchase them.

"Walter shall not find me standing entirely still where I dropped out of the Academy," was her source of inspiration. "He will be so surprised and pleased to find that I am trying to make myself a fit companion for him in the far off years to come."

Alas for Lettie's dreams of the coming summer vacation! Walter wrote, in a careless hasty letter, that he proposed spending his vacation visiting some relatives in Rhode Island.

Lettie wept the first tears of real sorrow she had ever shed; but it was only a shower, and after it the sun came out brighter than ever.

"I must not be selfish," she told her mother, her only confidant. "It will do Walter so much good to see a little of the world. He is twenty, now, and never has seen New York City. I do not blame him for wanting to go there and to his uncle's in Providence? Do you, mother?"

"No, dear, I don't know as I do," was the gentle reply. Then she thought inwardly—"Your father would never have disappointed me in this way, long ago."

"And, mother," Lettie went on, "a little travel will give him polish. How handsome he will be, with the additional charm of knowledge of the world."

"It spoils some men, dear child," said Mrs. Linden.

"But not Walter, mother." The sweet, brown eyes were full of unshed tears and the lovely face was delicately flushed.

"What is it, darling," the fond mother asked.

"Nothing—only—I did want to see him so much. Never mind, it's all right."

"Do you love him very dearly, my child?" the mother asked, a little anxiously.

"I think I do, mother, though nobody else does. I can never think he will be untrue."

"I trust not, Lettie, for your sake."

The following autumn, the quiet neighborhood was startled by the sudden breaking-up and moving away of the whole Merrill family. When Lettie heard they were going west, her heart chilled with an undefined conviction that Walter would never come back to his old home. His letters, for two or three months, had been irregular and unsatisfactory.

The Merrills were gone and the winter storms set in. By Christmas, Walter's letters had almost entirely ceased. Upon entering the after-holiday term, he wrote a cruel, selfish valedictory to their correspondence. Lettie was not surprised—her faith in him had been gradually growing less—but there flashed over her face an angry flush of indignation, as she read the brief, self-conscious sentences.

"I find, Lettie," he said, "that as I advance in my broad culture, I am leaving you far behind. I have other matters of deeper importance than a boyish love affair to occupy my teeming brain and valuable time. I have a career to make. When that is made I may find time to choose a wife, but I am convinced that my wife must stand on a plain with me in education. A man of deep learning must necessarily be less successful if he marries a woman beneath him in education, no matter how charming or bright she may be. You are a dear, good girl Lettie, and are worthy of a good husband. I know you will find one somewhere about your pretty home. You would never be happy with me, for our paths have widely diverged since I asked you to wait for me to make you a home in the world. Don't take my plain statement to heart, but forget me, for I shall never come back to the detested old hills where everything is behind the times."

"Take it to heart!" cried the usually quiet Lettie, as she finished reading the letter to her father and her mother. "He shall see that I do not."

It was more anger than sorrow that made the little wild rose weep half that night, in her downy bed under the snow-covered eaves. But her heart came out of the ordeal unscathed. By spring she was the same Lettie Linden as of old, with one exception. Her rosy cheeks were a trifle pale, especially after her lamp had burned till the "wee small hours" and her pen had scratched over dozens of pages of note books. Her desk, in one corner of the warm sitting room was surrounded by books without number—books that few girls ever dreamed of reading. New hats and dresses were voluntarily given up for books and current magazines. The Latin she had mastered at the Academy she had never allowed to grow rusty but without any teacher save the old Romans themselves, she delved into Caesar, Cicero and Virgil.

"I am going to prove it true that books can teach without the aid of men if there is no other way," she declared.

Who would have believed that gentle Lettie Linden could be so strong-minded?

Her reward came sooner than she dared dream. An unusually fine crop that year made it possible for the kind-hearted father to give this earnest little woman better opportunities. She successfully passed the entrance examinations and began the difficult course of study at the Boston University.

Ten years had passed since. Walter Merrill had left his mountain home en route for the brilliant career he was to make. It was still in a crude process of formation. He had won a college degree at Harvard and a fortune from his father; the former he could prove by his diploma and the latter he proved by squandering in vain endeavors to elbow his way into politics and be elected by his party to the honorable position of District Attorney of the county in which the Merrill family had settled in Pennsylvania. It surprised him beyond measure when he was defeated.

He felt that his talents were not appreciated in that section, so "folded his tent like an Arab, and as silently stole away" to a University town still farther west. Among people of culture, he was sure of succeeding better as a law-

yer than in a community of men who had become rich from coal mine speculations.

He had been but two days in the beautiful thrifty village, when in visiting the college buildings which were spacious and thronged with students he encountered an old class-mate of Harvard.

"Why, Merrill! Glad to see you," was the young man's hearty greeting. He was perhaps thirty years of age, singularly handsome and noble in appearance, with high-bred, intelligent features.

"Rodney Lynn!" cried Merrill. "Are you taking a course here after graduating from little Harvard?"

There was a half sarcasm in the question.

"O, no. I am filling the Chair of Natural Sciences," was the modest answer.

"What?"

Professor Lynn repeated the statement and added smiling.

"Are you surprised?"

"O, no. You were the best student in the class. Even I must admit that."

"Which is a great concession, I perceive. Well, I am very busy; have a recitation immediately. Will you come into my class-room?"

"I should be pleased to do so, Lynn, but have an engagement. Where do you live? Do you board?"

"I live in a lovely cottage over yonder on Elm avenue. No I do not board. I am a married man."

"When? How long since did you find a woman up to your mental calipers?"

"I found one, three years ago, far above my capacity of mind, heart and everything. If you will come around and take lunch with us, my wife and I will be delighted."

"Thanks. I will do so. Don't let me hinder you any longer."

A little after noon. Walter Merrill rang the bell at Professor Lynn's beautiful modern cottage. His old friend met him at the door and ushered him into a handsomely furnished parlor.

"My wife will be in presently. She went out to issue an order about lunch, finding that I had invited a guest. Be seated."

After a few minutes of busy conversation, principally relating to their present vocations a light footstep sounded in the hall and Professor Lynn rose as his wife entered the room.

"Lettie, this is Mr. Merrill; Merrill, my wife. She tells me that she knew you formerly."

Merrill rose and a puzzled look came over his face.

"Mrs. Lynn, did your husband call you 'Lettie'?" he stammered.

"My name was Lettie Linden back in the dear old Granite State," was the musical answer. The sweet voice was unchanged, though little Lettie had grown into a brilliantly beautiful woman.

Merrill's face was scarlet. He never experienced a more uncomfortable hour than the one spent at Professor Lynn's lunch table.

"Where did you find your wife, Lynn?" was the only question he asked relating to the past.

"I first met her when she read the valedictory of her class at the time she graduated from the Boston University, five years ago. I was present at the request of my cousin who also graduated at the time. I fell in love with Lettie, then and there, and afterward visited her at the Linden homestead. It was there I told her that the first syllable of her name was name enough."

It was a relief to Merrill when the college-bell broke up the party.

The next day he left town, its "atmosphere of culture" being too much for him. For the first time in his life he owned himself a fool.

Healthy Occupations.

The first place among healthy occupations is held by ministers of religion, the death rate of this class being 555. Next we have gardeners and nurserymen, who stand at 599; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural laborers, 701; school-masters, 718; the other trades which follow closely on these being grocers, coal merchants, paper manufacturers, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, ship-builders, shipwrights and coal miners. The figure of mortality for these trades is 775. On the other side, that of the unhealthy occupations, the first place is held by the trades which are concerned in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating drink, which, as is well known, entail many temptations to use it to excess. The list of unhealthy occupations is headed by the class of inn and hotel servants, whose figure mounts up to 1505, being double that of the medical profession. The highest places next to them are held by the general laborers of London, and by coster-mongers, hawkers and street sellers, the former class with 2,020, and the latter with 1,879. It is probable that both these latter classes of broken men, the wrecks of other callings, the inn-keepers, publicans, spirit, wine and beer-dealers follow with a figure of 1,521, and brewers with 1,361. In support of the belief that these high rates of mortality are chiefly due to alcoholic excess, Dr. Ogilvie has compared with them the mortality assigned to diseases of the liver, the organ through which such excess chiefly declares itself, and has obtained results which are entirely in harmony with those of the trade returns. Next to the trades concerned with alcohol the highest rates are furnished by occupations which involve the breathing of dust—other than coal dust—and especially of a sharp and gritty character or largely composed of mineral matter; next, those in which there is exposure to lead poisoning, as with plumbers, painters and flemakers. The earthenware manufacturers, who are much exposed to mineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; flemakers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reach 1,667, and plumbers and painters, who are always exposed to lead, reach 1,302.

—Among popular new styles are the fleecy hose for men's wear. These are not the old fleecy-lined; on the contrary, the nap is on the outside. This gives softness of color and a woolly surface, which has proved very attractive, and as the material is cotton the exceedingly low price is another point in their favor.

Horse Cars in Vienna.

Green cars were trotting along the great Ring Strasse, on which the hotel is, and I told the porter that I wanted to ride in one of them. Having got to the Vienna horse cars, it is just as well to tell about them, for they are like those which carry our free and independent voters only inasmuch as they are drawn by two unhappy horses that can be fastened on at either end of the car.

First they cut the car up into two compartments, one for those who do and one for those who do not smoke. Then the seats are put in after a most charmingly original fashion, with any number of aisles, and, finally, the conductor, who completes the outfit, is a poem all by himself. His uniform in point of gorgeousness and complexity would serve as an excellent model for a country regiment of militia. And his state of perfect contentment is something cheerful to look upon. The passengers who travel with him and from whom he collects fares are all about his equals, and while his politeness is complete and exhaustive, he is in his element and has a pleasant time. There is nearly always on board some red checked young person inclined to be sociable and merry when he works his way to her end of the car, and the necessity of thinking every time of something new and smart to say to her insures for him that mental activity unknown to the dispirited collector of nickels. There is missing that outraged class of beings which in America are forever taking somebody's number, and in short the life of a car conductor of Vienna, while it may not be the most exciting and satisfactory in the world, is certainly not the dullest.

As in Paris, there is a limit to the number of persons admitted on board; but this cannot be said to be very harmful to the pecuniary interests of the company, since the limit is reached when every seat every aisle, and both platforms are packed so full that if one man during the journey were to swallow a sandwich the sides of the car might burst out. The fare varies according to the journey which you have undertaken. The conductor learns where you want to go, and sells you tickets which range in price from one and three fourths to three and eight-ninths cents.

This afternoon I traveled three and eight-ninths cents' worth, and gave the conductor a piece of silver-plated money (they have that here), out of which a fraction less than two thirds of a cent in change was due me. The conductor dove down and got up the exact change. It occurred to me that I would see what effect surprise would have on a Vienna car conductor, so I gave a slight sweep with my right hand, and said what meant for him to keep the change.

A View of the Earth.

If we imagine an observer contemplating the earth from a convenient distance in space and scrutinizing its features as it rolls before him, we may suppose him to be struck with the fact that eleven-sixths of its surface are covered with water and that the land is so unequally distributed that from one point of view he would see a hemisphere almost exclusively oceanic, while nearly the whole of the dry land is gathered in the opposite hemisphere. He might observe that the great oceanic area of the Pacific and Antarctic oceans is dotted with islands—like a shallow pool with stones rising above its surface—as if its general depth were small in comparison with its area. He might also notice that a mass or belt of land surrounds each pole and that the northern ring sends off to the southward three vast tongues of land and of mountain chains, terminating respectively in South America, South Africa and Australia, toward which feeble and insular processes are given off by the Antarctic continental mass. This, as some geographers have observed, gives a rudely three ribbed aspect to the earth, though two of the three ribs are crowded together and form the Europe-Asian mass of double continent, while the third is isolated in the single Continent of America. He might also observe that the northern girdle is cut across, so that the Atlantic opens by a wide space into the Arctic Sea, while the Pacific is contracted toward the north, but confluent with the Antarctic Ocean. The Atlantic is relatively deeper and less cumbered with islands than the Pacific, which has the higher ridges near its shores, constituting what some visitor to the Pacific coast of America have not inaptly called the "back of the world," while the wide slopes face the narrower ocean, into which for the reason the greater part of the drainage of the land is poured. The Pacific and Atlantic, though both depressions or flattenings of the earth, are, as we shall find, different in age, character and condition; and the Atlantic, though the smaller, is the older and from the geological point of view, in some respects, the more important of the two.

If our imaginary observer had the means of knowing anything of the rocks formations of the continents, he would notice that those bounding the North Atlantic are in general of great age, some belonging to the Laurentian system. On the other hand, he would see that many of the mountain ranges along the Pacific are comparatively new and that modern igneous action occurs in connection with them. Thus he might be led to believe that the Atlantic, though comparatively narrow is an older feature of the earth's surface, while the Pacific belongs to more modern time.

Inside of the Shoplifter's Muff.

The shoplifter's muff is, outwardly, above suspicion, there being nothing about it to betray its capacity for concealing plunder. It is covered with any kind of fur, just as honest muffs are, with the significant exception that instead of being padded with cotton the fur rests upon a framework of wire. Between the fur covering and the wire-supporting frame the space usually filled with cotton is left vacant, thus providing accommodation for quite a stock of valuable lace, articles of jewelry, gloves, or anything else small and valuable.

FASHION NOTES.

—Quantitatively shaped sleeves with transparent puffs at the elbows, or with the top gathered and full below the elbow to meet a stiff cuff of velvet, are among the picturesque features of new dresses, and there are girdles, odalisque sashes, old designs in brocades, new ribbon stripes in gros grain, plush and fur pompons, and a variety of small details that give an air of novelty to familiar fabrics, and that may easily be added to last year's dresses.

—The prominent feature of the stocking business is the early and brisk demand for the new goods. The price of wool has risen, and the same may be said of cotton hosiery of good quality. There will be an increased call for wool hose of good quality, but the coarse, shoddy-like styles will be displaced by cotton. The unusual demand will make it impossible for foreign manufacturers to keep up with orders, and there will consequently be many late deliveries of goods.

—Among corduroy fabrics are novel patterns in silk and wool, which have proved very popular abroad. One imported gown, made at a West End house in London, has a petticoat of heliotrope corduroy, with a stripe of plum and satin in pale lilac. Above this is a tunic of plain heliotrope plush. Another, in dark Princess of Wales blue corduroy, is striped with golden-brown velvet, with jacket above of plain blue velvet opening over a waistcoat of golden-brown satin worked with dark blue beads.

—Ribbons will be used with a lavish hand on dresses not only in the shape of bows with cockade ends, but laid on flat as braids are used, and also arranged in points with Hungarian spikes on each point. Wide black velvet ribbons with picot edges are made into vests or simulated vests, formed of loops of the velvet laid one above another as a cottage roof is thatched, and the skirt at the side is caught up with a shower of loops and ends of velvet ribbon, the ends finished with handsomely beaded tassels.

—Among novelties in shoes we have noted the following: American shoe of patent leather with three small open bars in front and a strap over the instep, with flat bow and buckle. Walking-shoe of Russia leather, faced with patent leather, laced on the instep. House-shoe of glazed kid, with all the front part embroidered in silk and beads, and a flat bow on the instep. Walking-boot of unglazed black kid, faced with patent leather, fastened, not at the side, but in the middle of the front with very small bead-like buttons.

—The hair is to be worn lower by young women. The back hair will be laid in full braided coils about the middle of the head, leaving the top plain, while the front hair is arranged in a Russian bang, a slight fringe of hair over the forehead, long in front and curving short at the sides. Matrons will wear their front hair rolled up in the centre and cut at the side with a high twist at the back, the style of coiffure now adopted by Mrs. Cleveland. Children's hair is no longer worn in a full bang, but left in a slight fringe over the forehead. Prudent mothers clip their children's hair when they are 7 or 8 years of age and leave it short until they are about 13.

—A recent elaborate display of tailor-made gowns proved that the demand in America, as abroad, remains unabated. The newer models are far less severe in style; they fit even more accurately, but there is more ornamentation visible upon all styles except those to be devoted strictly to utility. Light-weight wools have also taken the place of the heavy, cumbersome cloths first employed, and in their stead are used the softly draping London diagonals, camel's-hair serges, with threads of silk and anarsene intermingled, and bourettes, armures, homespun and canvas goods, pale-tinted estamines, Lincolnshire, Belgrave, Scotch tweed metrons and other extra fine suitings. The jersey-fitting pointed corsage for home wear is, as a rule, double-breasted, with very high standing collar and snug coat-sleeve. The outside coat is trimmed, elegant, lady-like, and the perfection of fit and finish.

—Several brides' dresses have recently been made in Paris for export to America. The materials used were either ivory-white satin or corded silk with a satin lustre. Velvet and brocade are now considered too heavy for an entire dress, although sometimes used in combination with the simpler material. Lace is the trimming par excellence on a bridal dress, and especially ancestral lace; it is now arranged on the train, as well as to form panels. The bodice is frequently made with a waistcoat of crossed folds, which may be gauze or point d'esprit net or silk mull, the high-standing collar matching the folds. The long, full train hangs straight from the bouffant tournure; the panel is either of two or three lace flounces, or of pearl galon, or of clusters of pearl flower ornaments, the skirt is edged with a pinked-out ruche of either silk or satin. A single spray of natural orange flowers is now worn in the hair, and the lace or tulle veil falling back from the face is fastened with diamond ornaments; real blossoms are also worn on the bodice. The gloves are undressed white kid, and the shoes are either white kid or the satin of the dress. Bridesmaids' costumes are usually of some transparent material, mounted on a silk or satin foundation. There is considerable choice in the former; large meshed silk net, tulle with chenille pompons, Indian gauze and embroidered lace are all in vogue. When color is seen in bridesmaids' dresses it is added to white, as white and gold, white and Suede, white with brown, etc.; the gold will be added in yellow pearl beading, yellow velvet sashes, posies of yellow roses, and gilded tips on the white ostrich aigrettes that fasten the short tulle veil; white gloves accompanying such toilets. The new Suede gowns, Suede shoes and stockings to match, are worn with Indian gauze gowns that have scalloped hand-embroidered flounces.

HORSE NOTES.

—M. E. McHenry, who brought out Bonnie McGregor, has removed from Genesee to Freeport, Ill.

—E. A. Swigert, of Muirs, Ky., has purchased from D. Swigert, same place, the bay weanling filly Bermuda, by Burnham, dam Butterfly, by Baywood.

—Tanner, an Illon, N. Y., driver, fell in a fit while driving a race at Island Park, Albany, and dropping back from his sulky was dragged along for some distance. He was seriously hurt.

—Jewett, the pacer, is still in "Knapsack" McCarthy's string. There seems to be but little foundation to the report of the sale of Jewett to a wealthy German who intends campaigning the horse in Germany.

—At the recent Vicksburg, (Miss.) meeting a mile race was one of the attractions, the contestants being Ten Brock, Mollie McCarthy, Miss Woodford, Freedom, Cleveland and Blaine. Cleveland was a big favorite with the crowd, but Ten Brock won.

—The Shakers, Shakertown, Mercer county, Ky., have sold to A. G. McCampbell, 700 acres of land in Mercer county, adjoining the farm of Messrs. Chinn & Morgan, for \$45,000 cash, being \$25 per acre. It will be used as a stock farm for breeding thoroughbreds.

—Trident, Brother of Navigator, the noted Australian race-horse, won the Derby at the Sydney meeting, winning it in 2.35 with 122 pounds up. Trident is a son of Robinson Crusoe, he by Angler, he by Fisherman, and has followed close in the footsteps of his brother, Navigator, who won this stake in 1882. Trident is described as a taller colt and a chestnut (Navigator being black), and stands 15.2, although not so compact and well ribbed as Navigator, but has fine shoulders and big quarters. In his work, his trainer, Mr. Fennelly, keeps his forefeet protected with bar shoes.

—The opening exhibition of speed on the new track of the Tacony Driving Park Association, located on the tract of land known as the Toy Farm, Tacony, adjoining the House of Correction property on the south, and extending from the State Road to the Delaware River, will not take place until spring. The Board of Directors has deemed this postponement wise, for the reason that it is now late in the season, and fast time could not be made. The track is in good condition, considering its newness, and is being used by horsemen in the vicinity for pleasure driving. When thoroughly equipped this park is intended to stand second to none. The officers of the association are as follows: President, William D. Danton; Vice President, Charles McFadden; Secretary, Omar J. Kinsley; Treasurer, James Garland.

—Asteroid, the once renowned race-horse, died at the Woodburn Farm, Ky., November 1, aged 25 years, having been foaled in 1861 by Lexington dam Nebula, by Glencoe. Asteroid was never beaten. He did not start at 2, but at 3, at St. Louis, he won a sweepstakes, mile heats, in 1.47, 1.46, beating Tipperary and others. At Lexington he won a sweepstakes, mile heats, beating Loadstone and Grant, in 1.47, 1.47, and also a sweepstakes, two-mile heats, beating Easter, in 4.06, 4.06. At Louisville he won a sweepstakes, mile heats, beating George Woods and Grant, in 1.43, 1.50; also walked over on a sweepstakes of two-mile heats. As a 4-year-old, at St. Louis, he won a sweepstakes, mile heats, three in five. Scotland winning the first heat; time—1.50, 1.43, 1.50, 1.49. At Louisville he won at two-mile heats, beating Loadstone in 3.34, 3.36; the first mile of the second heat in 1.44; at the same meeting won a purse of \$900, three-mile heats, distancing Loadstone and Dr. Lindsay in the first heat, in 5.49. At Cincinnati he beat Red Oak, in 3.40, 3.10, distancing Red Oak in the second heat, and then distanced Leatherlungs at four miles in the mud in 3.26, and at Louisville walked over for the two-mile heats. The following year (1866) as a 5-year-old he walked over for the Woodlawn Vase, no one having the temerity to start against him. His winnings reached \$12,800. In the summer of 1865 there began a great deal of bantering over the merits of Asteroid and Kentucky, who was winning quite as often in the East as the former had in the West. In July of that year Mr. John Hunter, one of the owners of Kentucky, spurred by the boasts of the Asteroid people, issued to Asteroid an offer to start Kentucky against any horse at two or three-mile heats, for from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a side, at Saratoga. Mr. Alexander had nominated Asteroid for the Cup at Saratoga, but changed his mind and refused to come East, whereupon Eastern men began to claim that he was afraid to meet Kentucky. The controversy became general. Finally, on July 27, Mr. Alexander broke his silence by a letter to Mr. Hunter explaining his silence, and offering two matches of three and four-mile heats, to be run at Cincinnati and Louisville, \$10,000 a side each. It was merely replying to Mr. Hunter's challenge with a counter challenge, and Mr. Hunter refused it. Then Kentucky won the Saratoga Cup. Again negotiations were opened for a match, but they came to naught, although St. Louis offered a \$10,000 purse and Cincinnati \$5000. Then came the building of Jerome Park in 1866 and the grand meeting in September, to which Mr. Alexander made extensive nominations, among them Asteroid. When Asteroid arrived at Jerome Park to meet Kentucky at the great inaugural meeting it aroused a national interest. They were to meet in the inaugural stakes, four-mile heats, and over 20,000 people met to witness the battle between the champions of the East and West, but when the bell rang Asteroid did not answer, and Kentucky won a brilliant race. He had broken down, at the last moment, in the near foreleg. As a sire Asteroid was no great success, Stockwood, Melton, Waterwitch, Major Banker, Elmer, Partnership, Wash Booth, Moonstone, Rife, Toledo, George West, Ballankee and Creed-moor being the best of his get.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r
CENTRE HALL, PA., Dec. 1, 1886.

TERMS.—\$2 per year in advance. \$2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One column per year \$30—1 column \$45.
Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on \$2 in advance.

Important!

We have one line of invissible check in Dress Goods entirely new, that are admired by every body, in fact our whole stock is spoken of in the highest terms. IN PRICES WE DEFY ANY ONE TO BEAT US! We don't buy goods JUST BECAUSE IT IS CHEAP, but IT MUST HAVE STYLE and GOOD QUALITIES COMBINED, or we pass it. Our line of goods for MOURNING WEAR exceeds any thing in town. ALL THE NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS. Miss Annie Swartz will be pleased to meet her many friends here. We will endeavor to make a call both profitable and pleasant.

GARMAN'S. GARMAN'S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Oysters, 25 cents at Boozers.
The Lewisburg bridge stock pays 20 per cent dividend.
Perry Condo, of Miles, lost one of his horses a few days ago from colic.
A number from this part of the valley are attending court this week.
M. W. S. Benfer, of Adamsburg, recently killed a big hog that dressed 595 pounds.
The deep snow was a surprise to all, and inconvenienced many traveling in buggies.
The new co. bridge across Penn's creek at Greenbriar, is finished and is a durable structure.
On Sunday last Rev. Wm. H. Gotwald preached his farewell sermon to his Luth. congregation at Milton.
W. J. Springer, of Millheim, recently butchered two hogs, the united weight of which was 865 pounds.
No Thanksgiving services were held in this place. Are we becoming ungrateful for what we have and enjoy?
The brick walls of the new iron works at Bellefonte are rapidly going up. A strong force of workmen is constantly employed.
Jerry Miller is minus several razors and other articles, supposed to have been stolen from his barber shop during his absence.

The protracted meeting in the M. E. church, at Boalsburg, is still in progress. Thus far there has been about 35 converts.
Dr. Chas. Emerick, of Boalsburg, was in town on Tuesday. He has been kept quite busy of late attending patients in that vicinity.
Several of our merchants complain of petty thefts from their stores. We presume somebody is getting ready to board with sheriff Walker.
Rev. D. J. Mitterling, of Lucas, Ohio, filled the pulpit for Rev. Fischer, on last Sabbath afternoon and preached an interesting sermon.
If some of our esteemed contemporaries don't stop their getting old time jokes on us about boring for gas, we will ring our chestnut bell at them.
Wittmer's sawmill on Long's tract at the head of Penn's creek, was partly destroyed by fire, early one morning of last week, with only light damage.

Dr. Jacobs is still confined to the house from the injuries received by jumping from his buggy. The injured ankle gives him much pain at times.
A marriage license was issued last week to George B. Bowers, of Millersburg, Pa., and Miss Sarah I. Seal, of Bannerville, Snyder county—both natives.

On Saturday last a lot of hunters from Lewisburg, were on the morning train bound for Snow Shoe, where they expect to make a two week deer hunt.

Rev. D. J. Mitterling, of Ohio, is here on a visit to his parents and favored our sanctuary with a call. He is quite successful with his Lutheran charge out there.

The Sugar valley people held a railroad meeting at Logansville last Saturday to work up their claims for the Milton and Bellefonte road. Brushvalley people should take the hint.

Christmas entertainments will be given by the Lutheran and Reformed Sabbath schools of Centre Hall; by the Lutheran school of Millheim and by the Reformed and Lutheran schools of Adamsburg.

Adolph Loeb, of Bellefonte, has gone to Philadelphia to consult eminent physicians as to his broken health. May he find relief; he is one of Bellefonte's oldest and best merchants, and a public spirited gentleman.

Court is in session this week. Thompson's telephone case was tried on Monday and Tuesday. This case was tried twice before and had been to Supreme Court. The Roble Insurance case is likely to be tried on Wednesday.

Jerry Brumgard of Harris goes 3 pounds heavier on a porker than Cyrus Durs, Jerry having killed one last week which dressed 462 pounds. Harris twp. folks won't be in danger of starving as long as such farmers as Durs and Brumgard turn out such big chunks of pork.

Mrs. A. G. Curtin, of Bellefonte, has taken all the Wilson real estate at Centre Hall, at the appraisement, which costs up some \$30,000. The land comprises about 600 and 700 acres, in three farms. Gen. Benver retains his fifth in the land on the west side of the pike.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

One of the leading citizens of Miles township, in a letter, thanks the Reporter for the interest it has manifested in behalf of Brushvalley upon the subject of the new railroad and for arousing the people of Miles township upon the matter. The Reporter has endeavored within the last two months to give all light within its reach in regard to this projected enterprise, and we have gone into no little detail upon the subject, and this paper will be as earnest in its efforts—and hope as successful—to get a railroad thro' Brushvalley as it was in trying to secure the Pennsylvania road.

In the now projected railroad, the Brushvalley Narrows route will have a rival in the Sugar valley route through Clinton county to Bellefonte. From one who has inspected these routes, we are assured that the Brushvalley route is the more feasible of the two, with far easier grades and less curvatures. The choice of routes will be influenced by the liberality of the people along the two routes in proffering subscriptions, right-of-way, &c., and we hope to see the well-to-do people of good old Miles show up in this regard in a manner which may make the folks along the more expensive Sugar valley route sweat to catch up.

From a preliminary profile we observe that the Brushvalley route, after leaving the Narrows, would follow Elk creek to a short distance south of Rebersburg, from whence it would deflect gently to the north, striking either through Madisonburg a short distance below the center of the village or else a few hundred yards from the southern end of the town and thence on west. The grade from where it would leave Elk creek, would be a little heavy for about 2 miles.

We have other facts in regard to this projected railroad which are not necessary to make mention of now and which will become known at the proper time. In the meantime, to use a common saying, let our neighbors in Miles keep their eyes skinned—engineers have taken a hurried look at their route with scarcely any one finding it out.

OUR HUNTERS.—Some of our Nimrods, Jerry Miller, Yony From, George Rowe, and Cal. Moyer, and several others were in the Clearfield woods on a two week's deer hunt. They returned with less than they took out. Clearfield seems to be cleared out of deer. After the first two days, Theodore Schilling and another gentleman from Berks county overtaken in a storm, in the mountains, and it got dark so suddenly, that they could not find their way to camp, and the rain came pouring down. They hurriedly improvised a hut from spruce boughs, built a big log fire, around which they spent a doleful night, thinking of "the girl I left behind me." The parties in camp fired their guns to signal the missing ones, but the storm prevented their from knowing the direction of the sound. Next morning they struck for camp and found they had pitched their hut only half a mile from headquarters. The two, then tramped 14 miles to the nearest railroad station, thoroughly disgusted with the trip. The rest remained to have a long tramp through 20 inches of snow, for deer at home with no deer in the woods. The first party on their homeward tramp, came across a large buck.

But, alas! neither of them had a load in his gun, and here was a large buck, within 15 rods. The query with us, is, how did the buck know the guns were not loaded; and did he not know that it is the guns that are not loaded that often kill? Well, there was no venison. The boys all came home safe and sound, and think Clearfield is a fraud for deer.

The Millburg Times mentions the death of a former well known citizen of Adamsburg: Mr. Misador Schwere for many years a Millburg Jeweler, died on Wednesday afternoon of Broncho Pneumonia. Mr. Schwere came to Millburg early in the fifties, from Germany. The greater portion of his time since then has been spent here, although if we are not mistaken, he spent a few years in Adamsburg, and lived in Akron Ohio, three or four years. Mr. Schwere acquired considerable property during his life. He has always rendered what was justly due to those with whom he dealt, asking only for the same treatment. He leaves a wife and three children, the eldest being the wife of Mr. C. W. Haslet. Mr. Schwere was about 61 years old.

PENALTIES IMPOSED FOR THE WINDOW-SMASHING AT BELLEFONTE.

Great public interest was manifested on last Wednesday, Nov. 24, in the trial of William V. Emery, George Somers, John Gibbons and C. H. Ery, who were charged with riot for breaking in the window of the Watchman office on the day of James G. Blaine's visit to Bellefonte. When the case was called for trial the defendants, by their counsel, D. H. Hastings, entered the plea of guilty. He justified the action of the defendants because the poster in the window which caused the disturbance was a reflection on General Beaver.

J. L. Spangler replied exonerating Mr. Meek, the proprietor of the paper, from any blame or fault in the matter.

Judge Furst in passing sentence imposed a fine ranging from \$25 to \$75 on the defendants and costs of prosecution. Emery, the partner of Gen. Beaver, received the heaviest fine.

DEATH OF GENERAL POTTER.

It is with regret that we learn of the death of the venerable General John Potter, which occurred at his home in Fond-du-Lac, Wis., on Saturday, Nov. 20, aged 86 years, 10 months and 7 days. The General had been ailing for many months, the last few of which his demise was hourly expected. General Potter was a man highly esteemed and respected by all who knew him, and the account of his death will be read with sorrow by many an old-time acquaintance and friend.

Gen. Potter was born at Potters Mills, this county.

THOSE MYSTERIOUS SUBVEYORS.

The Lock Haven Express says: The engineer corps at work surveying the route of a new railroad from Mill Hall through Nittany Valley, came back to Mill Hall Saturday evening, and this morning took a new start from nearly the same place from where they started on Friday. The men are very close mouthed as to what the object is in making the survey and refuse to say anything more than that they are surveying for a new railroad.

Another railroad is bound to strike Centre county, before a great while.

J. M. Holt & Co., of Lock Lomond this county, brought suit in the United States Circuit Court, at Pittsburgh, against five insurance companies for the payment of \$13,000, the balance due on a policy on a lumberyard and a saw-mill, which were burned two years ago. The lumber yard was owned by J. M. Holt & Co., and insured for \$66,000. The mill, owned by D. W. Holt, was insured for \$900. The case was settled on the payment of 40 per cent. of the claims. The trouble, however, has just commenced. Mr. Edward Kluff, representative of the London Assurance Association, says the companies have combined and brought suit against D. W. Holt for \$124,000, insurance paid him for the loss by fire in a lumber yard five years ago. The case has been postponed until May, and Mr. Kluff says the plaintiffs will produce a witness who will swear that the lumber yard was set on fire by a person who was in collusion with the owner. To a reporter Mr. Holt denied this, and said the witness referred to is a disreputable character.

Speaking of the capture of McMeen, the Lewistown Gazette says: We have been informed that Carter, the negro who escaped from the Millburg jail last week in company with McMeen, the wife murderer, was captured at his father's house, about eight miles from Millburg, Monday night or early yesterday morning, and that McMeen, who was in the barn in the vicinity, escaped on account of the officers being unaware of his presence. Upon learning of his being in the neighborhood search for him was renewed and he was also captured yesterday afternoon by the sheriff and deputy, scattered under straw in the barn of a Mr. Kauffman, in Walkersburg, about four miles from Millburg.

One day last week while Mrs. Jas. Ott and one of her daughters were in Bartholme's store making purchases, a pocket book was laid aside by one of the ladies, with the remark that the other one take it in charge until her return from town. There were quite a number of persons in the store, and the pocket book soon got into the wrong pocket. It contained a \$5 gold piece and some \$6 in other money. One of the parties in the store afterwards made a purchase offering a \$5 gold piece as pay, and being accused of purloining the missing pocket book, owned up, and to keep things quiet, made restitution.

The hog cholera is among some of the porkers in Miles township. Adam Shafer and Reuben Stover have lost a number of fat hogs, in consequence of which their sausage crop won't be quite as heavy as expected, and should they not get a taste even, let 'em call around the Reporter office the first time they smell sausage in the air and we will regale them.

Gum boots, rubber shoes, for men, women and children, at Ed. Powers' in Bellefonte, where you also find the largest and best assortment of boots and shoes in this county at prices that will please you and the goods warranted—it is the old, honest boot and shoe store which has never failed to render satisfaction to all its customers.

Prof. P. O. Silver, lately elected co. supt. of Stephenson co., Ill., was in on a visit to his native township of Potter, and honored these head quarters with a call. Our young friend will fill the chair of school superintendent, physically and intellectually, about as well as any one whom Centre county could have sent out there.

A full line of fresh candies, nuts, and all kinds of confectionery will be opened up for the holiday season at Boozers' stand, Centre Hall. Fine mixtures which usually sell for 25 cents will be put down to 15 cents. Look out for further announcements and prices in next week's issue.

Harvey Seanson, of Boalsburg, while employed as brakeman on the Beech Creek railroad, had the misfortune to have his arm crushed at the elbow, while coupling cars. He was taken to his home on Sunday last. It is thought it will be probably necessary to amputate his arm above the elbow.

Frank's! Frank's!! Frank's!!! Another carload of tinware and glassware received at Frank's Great Novelty Store, Bellefonte.

Wash Basins, 3 c.
Wash Bowls, 35 c.
Lamp Globes, 3 c.
and all goods at the same low prices.

In mentioning the Jacob Weaver barn, in our last, as not having an insurance because there was no transfer of policy after the sale, we learn since, that his son, George Weaver, the purchaser, had taken out a new application for \$500 on the barn and about \$400 on the contents, in the Penna valley company only a short time ago. We are also informed that Frank Gates had his separator insured for \$333.

Every young man has a desire to dress well, have good fitting clothes and wear what is in style. It is often difficult to get all these requirements and much time is spent in debating where to go for a first-class outfit. The tailoring establishment of W. I. Fleming & Co., of Bellefonte, are prepared to supply you with anything you need in this line. They have in their employ, none but first-class workmen, who have had years of experience in cutting and fitting. Mr. Jackson, the head cutter, is considered one of the best workmen in this part of the state, and is known to most of our readers. The gent's furnishing department is complete in every respect. The latest styles in hats, collars, ties, scarfs, etc., are always on hand and at the most reasonable prices. Try this firm if in need of anything in the line of clothing and you will not regret it.

FUNERAL OF G. A. ACHENBACH.

The funeral of the Hon. G. A. Achenbach, at Logansville, was an immense one, the whole county, apparently, having turned out. Religious services over the remains were conducted by the Lutheran church by Rev. J. K. Miller, assisted by Rev. R. C. Goodland, all of which were very solemn and touching. The interment was made in the Lutheran cemetery, and as the body was lowered into its last resting place the universal sentiment was that one of the best of men had been hidden from sight forever. The following are the names of the persons who acted as pallbearers: D. M. Miceli, John Morris, Samuel Stamm, John Waser, Samuel Wohlford and Jacob Kerstetter.—Lock Haven Democrat.

W. I. Fleming & Co., of Bellefonte, is the place to go to for first-class tinware, glassware, and all the latest styles and reasonable prices.

DEEP SNOW.

Thanksgiving turkeys were roasted, carved and eaten this year under a brisk snowfall which started in early on last Thursday and continued until night, when it measured from 12 to 15 inches in depth. In the afternoon the sleigh bells of the season jingled through our streets as Charles Kurtz and Isaac Hester pulled away from the Reporter office to partake of a Thanksgiving turkey at the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Benner, beyond the Fort, in response to an invitation. During the night there was a strong wind which caused some of the roads to be closed from snowdrifts. Friday forenoon sleighs and sleds with the merry jingling of bells came into town from various directions, and one could not help but exclaim, Really, winter has set in.

A FATAL DRAUGHT.

Frank Boyer, aged about 16 years, son of Mr. W. H. Boyer, has been employed by attorneys Dill & Beale to attend to their morning file and put their office in shape for occupation during the day. This (Thursday) morning, he came early to attend to this duty, intending to go out hunting during the day, in company with a comrade, Frank Wertz, who came with him to the office. In the momentary absence of Wertz, Boyer seized a small bottle containing a liquid, and drank the contents, which proved to be carbolic acid. When Wertz returned, Boyer was on his feet, bending forward, with his hands clasped across his stomach, as if evidently suffering excruciating pain. He could not give Wertz any explanation, in consequence of his distress, Wertz ran out for assistance. Mr. Stetler, of the Cameron House, came across the street, and the two obtained medical assistance at the earliest possible moment. The doctors did all they could to relieve the sufferer, knowing, however, that the draught could not fail to produce death. After suffering about an hour and a half, he was released by death.

Wertz, the fact that Dr. Gerhart, an adjoining neighbor, is quite sick with fever, (said to be typhoid) Messrs. Dill & Beale had procured a small amount of carbolic acid to disinfect their rooms. Whether Boyer was aware of it or not we do not know; and what induced him to swallow the acid is also unknown. It was evidently not for self-destruction, for he was always cheerful, contented boy. His parents have the deep sympathy of the community in their great distress.—Lewisburg Chronicle.

SUGAR VALLEY.

Considerable excitement was occasioned on Wednesday afternoon by the report that Miss Ida Raudebaugh, a rather notorious young girl of about 17 years, who lives at Ball Run, had attempted to commit suicide by taking a dose of "Rough on Rats." Ida and her brother Samuel, had been fighting and it seems that she was severely flogged by the robust brother, whereupon she appeared before the Justice of the Peace wanting him to issue a warrant and have her brother arrested. As her case was, law was not granted. She returned home and attempted the rash act. Dr. Goodman was summoned, who applied proper remedies just in time to save her from a terrible death.

Mrs. Michael Hockman, an aged and highly respected lady, departed from this life on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22d, after a lingering illness of nearly seven years. Deceased was the mother of twelve children and lived to be 82 years old.—Journal.

The Bohemian oats notes are beginning to fall due. On Wednesday a number of persons from Harris and College townships were at Bellefonte to arrange for the payment of notes given for Bohemian oats. The parties now declare they were shamefully swindled and cursing over it. They now have no value for the notes given. The swindle was exposed by the newspapers, but farmers were led astray by the oily talk of the agents. The amount of paper given for oats in this county is enormous, and now the agony is beginning, and as one of the victims admitted to us in the case yesterday, "just as the Reporter predicted."

The Thompson telephone case went to the jury on Wednesday afternoon. This is the third time the case has been in court at Bellefonte, and was once taken to Supreme court. The claim is about \$150 for telephone poles. The cost has been no less than \$1000 on each side. Before the case went to court the parties came near making a settlement but disagreed on a difference of \$9, and now they are 67½ miles apart, with smiling attorneys on each side.

Rev. Fischer, of this place, who is the author of a number of pieces of music published in the "Angelsburg songs" finds that his compositions are meeting with the favor of musicians and leading publishers. He has received numerous requests of late for the privilege of using his songs in other works, for which he is offered respectable sums.

The Williamsport district of the Young Men's Christian Association, embracing the associations of Bellefonte, Hartleton, Williamsport, State College, Lewisburg, Bucknell University and New Berlin, will meet in conference at Lewisburg on Friday evening, December 3d, at 7:30 o'clock and continue until Saturday evening.

When in Bellefonte, stop at Frank's Great Novelty Store, and get his prices. He challenges the world to beat his prices on tinware, glassware, underwear, hosiery, jewelry, and millions of other articles.

George Krumblin is having a cellar dug for a new house at the lower end of town. First the cage and then the bird, is the way George means it.

If you wish to look well in the eyes of the people, get your clothing made of W. I. Fleming & Co., Bellefonte. Perfect fits, satisfaction guaranteed. Give them a call.

On Tuesday afternoon and evening snow fell to a depth of about eleven inches and will make good sleighing for several days, unless old "Sol" interferes.

Get a suit of clothes for a Christmas gift for your boy, at the Philadelphia Branch, if you wish to make the little fellow as happy as a canary.

OYSTERS 25c PER QUART.

From December 1 until the end of the holiday season, fine STANDARD oysters will be sold at Boozers' confectionery store, for 25c per quart, in advance can retain 25c extra as a premium for advance pay.

ANOTHER WILKESBARRE DISASTER.

Another terrible accident, due to carelessness, occurred at the Wyoming colliery, Wilkesbarre, on Saturday. A miner lit a fuse for the purpose of firing a shot. The fuse would not burn and the miner went back to ascertain the cause of the failure. He pulled the fuse out and said it was no good. He got a new one out of a bundle lying near, and after examination said that it was not a good one either. To prove his assertion he lighted it. In an instant it flared up, and to save himself from being burned, he threw it on the ground. A spark flew into a keg of powder and a terrific explosion followed. William Cosgrove, a door tender, Henry Tarks and John Vandling, miners, and a Polander named Zilinsky were terribly burned. Cosgrove has died. Vandling and the Polander cannot live.

TRIAL BY JURY IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Nov. 29.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day the Government presented a bill providing for trial by jury.

An investigation on Nov. 29, of the house of Frank Kerner, of Reading, who choked his wife to death and then set the building on fire to destroy the evidences of his crime, shows that he had also made preparations to blow it up by running a fuse from the upper floor into a keg of powder below. His intention was evidently to blow himself up and the entire family, because, he says, God had commanded him to do it. Kerner has made a full confession, detailing how he strangled his wife, then dragged her upstairs to bed, poured coal oil over it and set it on fire. He is an Anarchist in his ideas.

JUMPED OFF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

New York, Nov. 29.—Wm. Kurz, this afternoon, attempted suicide by jumping from the Brooklyn bridge. In his descent he turned two somersaults in the air and fell on his back on the water. He was under water five minutes and when picked up was frothing at the mouth and was too exhausted to speak. It is thought he will recover.

The collector for Potter twp., will receive any and all taxes paid him at the residence of A. P. Hosterman, near Centre Hill, until the 5 per cent. will be added which is on Feb. 6, 1887.

MARRIED.

On Nov. 23, at the residence of M. L. Rishel, Esq., Farmers Mills, Pa., by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Jeremiah Stover and Emma R. Houtz, both of Farmers Mills.

On Nov. 25, at the Lutheran parsonage, Centre Hall, by the Rev. Jeremiah Stover, Esq., of State College, and Lizzie M. Lytle of near Centre Hall.

At the residence of the bride's parents in Millroy, Pa., November 18, 1886, by Rev. J. W. White, B. T. Alexander and Miss M. E. McClinton, both of Arragh township, Millroy county, Pa.

DIED.

On the 18th inst., at Coverly Hall, Nittany Valley, Mrs. Polly Heckman, aged 75 years.

On the 18th inst., near Charlotte, North Carolina, John Absalom Motz aged 58 years, 6 months and 13 days.

At the residence of Joseph Wagner, Millroy, November 8, 1886, of consumption, Samuel L. McDowell, aged 30 years and 12 days.

On the 20th inst., at Millheim, Samuel Weiser, aged 78 years, 5 months and 18 days.

On the 22nd inst., at Wolf's Store, David Wolf, aged 83 years.

On the 23rd inst., at Millburg, Samuel Bankey, aged 57 years, 3 months and 28 days. He was a native of Millheim.

An old and intimate friend of mine is Parker's Hair Balsam. I have used it five years, and could not do without it. It has stopped my hair from falling, restored its natural black color and wholly cleansed it from dandruff.—Miss Pearl Anelson, St. Louis, Mo.

The largest variety of Ladies Coats ever shown in Centre county, all tailor-made to our own order by skilled operatives, Superior fit and workmanship. All the latest designs at prices as low as ordinary goods are offered at our aim has been to give a good wrap in workmanship, fit and grade of goods as careful work and goods can make them. Try one of ours on before buying elsewhere.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trials bottles of this Great Discovery free at all drug stores.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Solt, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I ever handled in my 20 years experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half a dollar's bottle at all drug stores.

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill, for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage.

WOMEN REMEMBERING.—Hereafter subscribers to the Reporter, who will remit one year's subscription in advance can retain 25c extra as a premium for advance pay.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A large lot of goods suitable
—for the—
HOLIDAY SEASON
—such as—
PERFUMERIES,
TOILET CASES,
FANCY GOODS,
and NOVELTIES,
can be found at
ZELLER'S-DRUG-STORE
Bellefonte, Pa. — Bellefonte, Pa.

J SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE
COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES,
Possesses in the fullest degree the tonic and stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the healing, strengthening and fattening qualities of the Cod Liver Oil in a perfectly agreeable form, of wonderful value in Consumption, Debility and Wasting Diseases, dec

A smooth complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Tonic. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheeks. dec

Did you ever stand over a wash-tub in which white clothes were being washed with common brown rosin soap? If so, try Dreydoppe's Borax Soap next wash-day, and note the difference. The best is the cheapest always.

BUBKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists. 4aug1

HIDES WANTED by Aaron Harter at Centre Hall station. Highest price paid in cash.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MARKETS.
Philadelphia, Nov. 24.—Wheat 84½ for November.
Corn 45½ for November. Oats 35½ for November.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.
PRODUCE AT THE STORES.
Butter..... 20 Eggs..... 20
Ham..... 12 Sides..... 6
Shoulders..... 8 Potatoes..... 40
Lard..... 6

LINDEN HALL MARKETS.
Wheat..... 75 Butter..... 14
Rye..... 50 Eggs..... 20
Corn..... 25 Lard..... 6
Ham 12..... 10

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.
Prices subject to fluctuations of market.
Wheat, red..... 75 Oats..... 25
Wheat, white..... 70 Rye..... 50
Corn, shelled..... 40 Barley, No. 1..... 40
Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.
Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and price.

FLOUR AND FEED.
Fancy Pat. Flour, 1 45 Bran per ton..... 14 00
Best Roller Flour, 1 35 Bran, retail, cwt. 90
2d Best Roller Flour, 1 25 Chop per ton..... 22 00
 Middlings per ton, 15 50 retail per cwt. 2 20
burg, on

COAL MARKET.
Broken..... 4 75
Eggs..... 4 75
Sieve..... 3 00
Small stove..... 3 00
Chestnut..... 4 75
Poa..... 3 10
Woodland..... 2 50
Soft..... 2 00
The above prices are for cash or grain only.

KURTZ & SON

ST. ELMO HOTEL,
No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Reduced rates to \$2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centre of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEEGER, Proprietor.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also Bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may11 HENRY BOOZER.
FOR SALE.
Two farms belonging to the estate of Joseph Neff, deceased. Inquire of A. A. Dale, Attorney, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE.
A new two-story dwelling house and lot with good stable near the railroad. If desired the purchaser can have one or more acres of ground ½ mile east of station.

Also, building lots ½ mile east of Centre Hall station, prices \$75 to \$125 per lot, on easy terms. Apply to FRED KURTZ.

AGENTS WANTED to sell "REMINISCENCES" of